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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Inflation

The financial atmosphere is charged with talk of inflation. Europe is worried by rumors of American inflation. Foreign bankers and investors, fearing the logical consequence of inflation — depreciated currency — are hastening to convert their American balances into gold, a process known as selling the dollar short.

Inflation is not a bad way of describing the economic cycle for, after all, prosperity is a balloon. It is invariably inflated beyond its capacity. A leak occurs and deflation ensues until the balloon is quite flat again. The leak is then patched up and air (a good deal of it hot) once again pumped into the balloon. During the last inflation, the leak was present all the time, but it did not assume recognizable proportions until after the stock market crash. It dates, as a matter of fact, from the Treaty of Versailles. Then was consummated the deal which has brought chaos upon the world. The Republicans stupidly took the credit for the boom: therefore they logically are being blamed for the depression. They should be pointing out that the scrambling of Europe, the unfortunate German reparations, the uncollateralled loans to our former allies, and our huge public debt, were products of the Wilson Administration.

Inflation, like most economic terms, is vague and subject to several definitions. In its closest relation to prosperity, it means inflation of prices. Business men make their big profits on rising markets. From the banking or financial point of view, on the other hand, inflation means expansion of potential credit, low interest rates, easy money.

The former never occurs without the latter but does not necessarily follow it. In 1930, for example, the Federal Reserve rediscount rate was as low as one and a half per cent, Treasury notes were issued at three per cent, but prices were falling and have continued to fall ever since.

The greatest incentive for buying commodities and securities is the belief in their cheapness. And that, remember, has nothing to do with their price in dollars. Many people felt, and rightly, that common stocks were cheap in 1928. Most of the people who bought then, however, failed to realize a year later that stocks were expensive — disastrously so.

Only inflation of credit can be made by waving a wand, issuing a decree or altering a discount rate. Even two billion dollars devoted to enabling embarrassed banks to lend money to their customers will not cause the customers to borrow and spend unless they believe that by doing so they can secure profits.

While certain vociferous politicians and self-styled economists appear to be unaware of the nature and potentialities of inflation, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Mills know very well what they are about. Their purpose, it is clear, is merely to stop the disastrous deflation, to bolster up tottering banks, forestall widespread receiverships and entice the billion dollars of hoarded money out of its sterile hiding place. If they can accomplish these ends, even in part, slow recovery — infinitely preferable to another groundless boom like that of 1930 — will almost surely follow.

Therefore, as I have unhesitatingly criticized Mr. Hoover's attitude on such questions as wages, I wish to make it clear that his Reconstruction Finance Corporation is, in my opinion, a well thought out measure designed to meet one of the most critical emergencies ever faced by our country. The only danger is that stupid enthusiasts will expect it to produce a business boom and bull market in securities, which it can not, and is not intended to do.

There is at present no statistical or polit-

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ical basis for the theory, much discussed, that this country will abandon the gold basis. It is true, of course, that we shall find it increasingly difficult to compete in foreign markets with the countries which are not on the gold basis. It is also true that if hoarding does not let up and the Government does not balance its budget, foreign balances in this country may continue to be withdrawn until our gold standard becomes embarrassed but, in my opinion, the contingency is unlikely.

Depressions

MR. GARET GARRETT, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 23, made some interesting and valuable comments on American depressions. This is not, he pointed out, the first time we have been in the rut of a business depression. In 1837, 1857, 1873 and 1893, people were going about saying, "America can't come back." But we did come back and during each succeeding interval of prosperity our national wealth multiplied in unbelievably spectacular fashion.

As Mr. Garrett infers, we shall come back again. The dreams of the 1929 romanticists will be more than realized, will be taken for granted, one of these days.

On the other hand, with our increasing wealth and importance, the magnitude of our depressions has tended to grow. Further, we are becoming less and less isolated, more and more entangled in world-wide affairs. The basis of a great deal of our recent prosperity, and the present capitalization of American business, is foreign trade which, you may as well say, has evaporated. In one rather important sense, it never existed, for a depressingly large proportion of the goods shipped abroad was paid for by foreign credits in American banks, created by the sale of foreign bonds to Americans.

Suppose there were three small boys named Peter, Jimmy and Dick. Peter had a bag of peanuts, Jimmy had five pennies and Dick had nothing but an appetite for peanuts. So he borrowed a penny from Jimmy and gave it to Peter for a peanut. Finding the peanut pleasant, Dick repeated the process until he had borrowed all of Jimmy's five pennies, had advanced them to Peter, and had consumed five peanuts. Peter, on the strength of his flourishing trade, bought with his five pennies another bag of peanuts from a stand nearby. Dick, meanwhile, had asked Jimmy for another penny, but Jimmy replied that he had no more pennies and wanted his five back. Dick realized that he could neither repay Jimmy nor get any more peanuts, so he ran away and hid in some woods nearby, where he could enjoy the memory of the peanuts he had already consumed. Jimmy and Peter were left confronting each other. Jimmy had lost his five pennies and Peter had two almost full bags of peanuts which he didn't want and couldn't get rid of. They were both so discouraged and sore at Dick, that they had a fight, during the course of which most of the peanuts were lost or spoiled.

Construction

THE outlook for the construction industry proper, and for that proportion of the activity of other industries (such as the steel industry) which is derived directly from it, remains bearish. It is probable that the total of construction contracts let in the first quarter of 1932 will be lower than that of a year ago. Materially lower building costs are working in favor of an ultimate revival of speculative building but, on the other hand, many of the large cities are in some respects already overbuilt. Huge office buildings and apartment houses, erected during the boom, have been taken over by the first mortgage holders and can compete successfully with buildings built now, even at lower cost.

The rate of population growth in this country has at last turned downward. Until now, with a rapidly increasing population, there was a constant demand for new construction — what might be called a necessity demand. In the future — for some time to come at any rate — the industry will have to look to what might be called the improvement demand. People will have to be enticed to move to new houses or apartments by the desire for better living. There are great possibilities along these lines — housing standards in our cities are astonishingly low, but, as many of us have learned in the last two years, the desire for better and pleasanter living standards is only one of the ingredients necessary for its fulfillment.

Mr. Hoover has for some years been inter-

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ested in the problems of better housing conditions and has done a considerable amount of constructive work on the subject. As he realizes, the heart of the situation is credit. Nowhere are credit conditions so bad as in the home financing field. Until it becomes easy and inexpensive to borrow on a home, improvement demand will remain extremely restricted.

Politics

THERE has been, in the last month, a swing of political sentiment in favor of Mr. Hoover. Many well-informed observers feel that his efforts to meet the financial crisis with which the country and the Government are now faced, are well-grounded and constructive. The appointment of Mr. Dawes to head the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, was well received. He will be in a position to make many friends during the next six months, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable running mate for Mr. Hoover next fall. But Representative McFadden's absurd attack was undoubtedly the luckiest break Mr. Hoover has had in many a moon. Having learned the lesson of the Navy League, the President, this time, maintained a dignified silence, and gave his vociferous opponent all the rope he wanted.

Imperial Preference

THE abandonment of England's long-standing policy of free trade created a number of new economic possibilities. Not the least of them is imperial preference. When there were no barriers to trade, it was difficult to confer commercial favors upon imperial sisters. But now it is easy, the method obvious. A conference of the Dominions is to meet at Ottawa this spring. It will bear close watching, for the decisions reached there may have far reaching economic repercussions. They are not apt to be beneficial to our foreign trade.

Year-End Statements

THE simply appalling statements issued at the year-end by the security affiliates of some of the country's largest banks have had, paradoxically, a bullish effect on sentiment. For, the man in the street reasons, if those who have been appointed to head our greatest financial institutions could go so completely wrong, how could he, a mere outsider, be blamed for his little mistakes.

Securities

I ADHERE to the policy outlined in this column last month that, at the present time, the investor should be primarily concerned with the underlying property, or capital, which the security he holds, or contemplates purchasing, represents.

Common stocks are, of course, at all times subject to market conditions which I am not attempting to follow in this column. Nevertheless, I feel that a well rounded investment portfolio should now contain some common stocks. When it becomes really clear that stocks are a buy, many of them will be selling at far higher prices than at present.

I favor, at this time, industrials, rather than railroads or utilities. I would steer clear of companies which have in the past derived substantial profits from exports, also companies which have large capitalizations, or large debts. I favor concerns which are close to the ultimate consumer. In every case, look for small capitalizations, domestic consumers, liquid balance sheets, conservative valuation of properties, and able management, as evidenced by present profits.

Conclusion

WHILE business still drags along bottom, commodity prices have not yet stabilized, and the European mess may be growing worse, there have been more constructive developments during the last month than in any month within two years. The bad news is out on foreign debts. Only romanticists can cling any longer to the dream that we shall collect the advances made by our Government to our former allies. At least, nothing worse can happen on that score.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation inaugurates a concerted and intelligent attempt on the part of the Government to prevent the complete collapse of our credit structure. The conference of railway executives and labor leaders in Chicago may be said to have done the same thing for the carriers. Good times are still far off but discouragement and pessimism are at present being very much overdone.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

The Catholic Side

By Gerard Uhrich

The letter of C. G. Degman in the January Review was very interesting, with its display of crass ignorance and lack of real Americanism.

Mr. Degman claims that "Senator Heflin was counted out by Catholic hirelings." In a recent year-book the population of Alabama was given as 2,367,190; the entire religious population was 1,990,465; and the number of Catholics was 37,482. The Catholics are at least 2,429,708 in the minority. Yet they are able to procure enough hirelings to defeat that popular Senator, Mr. Heflin. Rather a confession of weakness on the part of the "good people" of Alabama!

Mr. Degman, however, does possess a very naïve faith. He expects results from a senatorial investigating commission!

The last two paragraphs of Mr. Degman's letter exhibit the most abysmal ignorance. He says: "In every nation on earth where Catholicism has secured a footing, ignorance, degradation and superstition have borne down the people to the lowest depths of misery, as witness Mexico, Central America, South America, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Russia." Any one who has read history must feel the absurdity of that remark. The names of great men who lived when Catholicism was universal alone disprove the statement. Italy gave Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Palestrina, Dante, Petrarch, Columbus. Spain gave us Cervantes among others; Portugal gave us Diaz, Magellan, Henry the Navigator. Mexico might have much worse conditions, were it not for Catholicism. South America is noted for its courtesy, hospitality and good breeding. One never reads of a religious attack on a non-Catholic in South America. Russia, in no sense, has ever been a Catholic country, as any educated person knows. The official religion was the Russian Orthodox Church, which was subject to the Czar. Central America is in constant turmoil; it almost seems to be the character of the people; yet I suppose Mr. Degman blames Catholicism for the many revolutions! He also wishes to perpetuate the anti-Catholic fiction of Catholic superstitions, although just what these superstitions are, he seems unable to say. Perhaps there may not be such things.

Mr. Degman has the presumption to pose as spokesman for the majority of American people, praying that every one will become like Senator Heflin — which Heaven forbid. Mr. Degman would strike out from our Constitution the fundamental right of religious freedom; he, forgetting that Catholics bled and died to free and preserve these United States, and that Catholics are paying good money to maintain this Government, would condemn any man whose conscience forced him to adhere to Roman Catholicism; he would return to the days of the Caesars and use their methods "to stamp out this deadly Upas of superstition and Romanism."

Not Persuaded

By F. W. Davis

I am sure the readers found Neil Carothers' article, *Silver — a Senate Racket*, very interesting; laborious attempts to prove a point with half-truths are always so. In this article the author labored so industriously that he nearly defeated his own arguments. Even the modest admission near the end of the article that the author commands a superior intelligence that gives him an insight to this question beyond the understanding of the rank and file of the House and Senate is not convincing. The verdict of a large percentage of the readers will no doubt be: "interesting, but far from convincing."

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

OUR TIMES

European Dictatorships. By *Count Carlo Sforza*. New York: Brentano's. $3.00.

Count Sforza deplores the present-day dictatorships, including those of Italy, Russia, Poland, Jugoslavia, and Hungary, and maintains that they seriously menace world peace.

Documents on International Affairs 1930. Edited by *John W. Wheeler-Bennett*. London: Oxford University Press. $4.00.

A collection, valuable to students of international affairs, of treaties, speeches and notes between governments.

Conservation in the Department of the Interior. By *Ray Lyman Wilbur* and *William Atherton DuPuy*. Washington: United States Government Printing Office. For Sale by the Superintendent of Documents. Washington, D. C. $1.00.

Contains interesting information regarding the work of the Department in irrigation, territorial administration, child welfare, Indian problems, conservation of oil, and so forth.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

Criminal Justice in England. By *Pendleton Howard*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

A survey and analysis of England's system of criminal law administration and a comparison of her methods with those used in the United States, written by one who has studied them intensively and observed them directly.

The Riddle of Economics. By *Elisha E. Garrison*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The inter-relations of politics, economics and business discussed by an economist who has given many years to the study of banking, production and political problems.

America's Tomorrow. By *C. C. Furnas*. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.00.

The author optimistically looks forward to a day, in the lifetime of many of us, when the working day will be reduced to an hour or two, labor will get a fair share of profits, and unemployment and old-age poverty will be done away with.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Sex Problem in Modern Society. Edited by *John Francis McDermott*. New York: The Modern Library. $.95.

A collection of essays on various aspects of the sex problem, each being treated from several points of view. Some of the topics are: eugenics, the sexual ethic, the adolescent, and sex in literature.

Psychology at Work. Edited by *Paul S. Achilles*. New York: Whittlesey House. $2.50.

Authorities present here accounts of psychology's recent achievements in such fields as industry, child training and personality development.

BIOGRAPHY

Joffre. By *Raymond Recouly*. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

The man who was Commander in Chief of the French Army at the beginning of the War is pictured here as a quiet, forceful leader, never issuing public statements, in every sense a soldier.

John Ruskin's Letters to Francesca and Memoirs of the Alexanders. By *Lucia Gray Swett*. Boston. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, $3.00.

This correspondence is of interest for the light which it throws upon the informal side of Ruskin's personality. The *Memoirs of the Alexanders* describe the life of Francesca Alexander and her mother in Italy.

My Arnold Bennett. By *Marguerite*, his wife. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.75.

A biography which shows the author's appreciation of Mr. Bennett, and yet unreservedly reveals what, from her point of view, are his faults.

FICTION

Hopi Girl. By *Dema Margaret Smith* (*Mrs. "White Mountain" Smith*). With a Foreword by *Ray Lyman Wilbur*. Stanford University Press. $2.50.

In this story of an Indian girl who returns to her people, unfitted by an education away from them to live among them, Mrs. Smith shows her first-hand knowledge of the pressing problems that must be dealt with by the Indian Bureau.

Wild Rye. By *Muriel Hine*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

This life of a young girl in Victorian England is related appealingly, against a background which shows the real rather than the artificial side of that period.

VARIED OTHERS

Mariners of Brittany. Written and illustrated by *Peter F. Anson*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

An English artist writes a very informative and attractive book about the life, customs and maritime occupation of the Breton people.

Mexicana, A Book of Pictures. By *Rene d'Harnoncourt*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Drawings which catch the spirit of Mexican life as it is found in the houses, the streets and the remote countryside.

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VARIED OTHERS

(*Continued*)

Trailing Trade a Million Miles Away. By *James A. Thomas*. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. $3.50.

Information about the trade of the United States with Oriental countries and incidents experienced by the author as a pioneer trader make this an interesting book on world commerce.

The Marden Inspirational Books. By *Orison Swett Marden*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Prosperity and How to Attract It. $1.75.
An analysis of the power which every one can make use of to attain success and prosperity.

Every Man a King. $1.75.
This book stresses the power of thought and the control of emotion as important factors in health and success.

The Conquest of Worry. $1.75.
The author here analyzes the causes of fear and worry, explains why it is imperative to a successful life that these foes be conquered, and gives a message of cheer and encouragement to those thus handicapped.

Peace, Power, and Plenty. $1.75.
A forceful declaration of the theory that man can direct his own life, regardless of opposing circumstances.

The Victorious Attitude. $1.75.
How a triumphant state of mind is reflected outwardly and leads to success.

American Indian Dance Steps. By *Bessie Evans* and *May G. Evans*. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. $7.50.

An interesting analysis of ritualistic dances, now fast becoming extinct in their original form, of Indian tribes in this country.

Tune in, America. A Study of our Coming Musical Independence. By *Daniel Gregory Mason*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

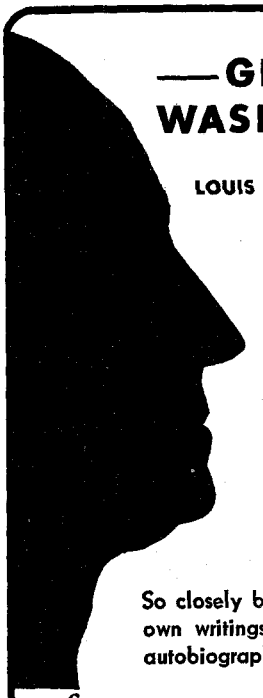
The neglect of American composers on American programs is lamented here by one who, a well known composer himself, is very much concerned over the success of our native music.

The Mental Defective. A Problem in Social inefficiency. By *Richard J. A. Berry* and *R. G. Gordon*. Illustrated. New York. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

Two physicians, as a result of their work in this field, set forth recent findings in a book interesting to laymen as well as to the medical profession.

An Early American Home. And the Fun We Had Building It. By *Claude H. Miller*. Sixty Illustrations. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50.

Any one who contemplates building a house and any one who merely likes to plan a castle in the air will find here suggestions on nearly all the practical and artistic features of house-building by a person who built nineteen houses until he got one that he considered suitable.



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By Way of Introduction

Albert Guérard (*France* vs. *Germany*) born in Paris, but an American citizen of long standing, is now professor of comparative literature at Stanford University. He is the author of some ten books, the best known of which are *The Napoleonic Legend* and *Beyond Hatred*.

Henry Pratt Fairchild (*Let Malthus Be Dead!*) is professor of sociology at New York University. His articles and books on that subject are widely known. His activities have included the executive secretaryship of the Connecticut State Commission on Child Welfare and leadership of the Round Table at the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

Paul Working (*Hit the Pocketbook*) is a native of Montana, educated at Stanford University. He is not only a short story writer but the owner of a small town store.

Gerald W. Johnson (*Note On Race Prejudice*) who was born in the South, was educated at the University of Toulouse, France. Formerly a professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, he is now an editorial writer on the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

Francis H. Brownell (*Silver — Its Future as Money*) is Chairman of the Board of Directors and of the Finance Committee of the American Smelting and Refining Company.

Montrose J. Moses (*Should Dramatic Critics Be?*) is editor and author of books on the drama and literature, and a lecturer on children's literature and the drama.

Ralph C. Parker (*Nothing But Airplanes?*) during the World War commanded the Destroyers *Jarvis* and *Luce* and received the Victory Medal and Navy Cross for his services. He is now in the War Plans Division of the Navy Department. Though he believes that "Army and Navy officers should stick to their jobs with ships, men and guns," he occasionally lapses and writes magazine articles.

Raymond Francis Yates (*These Musical Electrons*) has been managing editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, Editor of *Popular Radio*, critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and author of many scientific books, among them *ABC of Television*. He has been identified with the recording of sound in various moving picture studios, and is at present contributing editor of *Modern Mechanics*.

Henry Morton Robinson (*Walden in the Red*), an ex-sailor of the United States Navy, ex-editor of *Contemporary Verse*, and an ex-professor at Columbia University, is now a free-lance writer. Among his books is *John Erskine — A Modern Actæon*.

Mary Day Winn (*Don Juan as a Collector*) is a newspaper woman and the author of several books, two of which, *Adam's Rib* and *The Macadam Road*, were published last year.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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France vs. Germany

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Who believes that there is less inherent enmity between the two than most people think, and that reconciliation is not only necessary for world peace, but possible

THE enmity between France and Germany is the chief obstacle to peace: this opinion is held in common by such widely different authorities as Lord Robert Cecil, Senator Borah, and Oswald Garrison Villard. In spite of these impressive names, we remain unconvinced. It seems to us that — most unfortunately — there are four or five, nay six or seven, still greater obstacles to world peace; without mentioning *human nature*, the stock argument of the bellicists. First and foremost, the refusal of the most powerful nation on earth to shoulder definite and binding international responsibilities: no amount of pious wishes such as the Kellogg Pact will counteract the nefarious influence of our "sacred egoism." Next, we should name the refusal of the second greatest power, England, to admit the freedom of the seas, and to renounce every thought of naval supremacy. Then there comes the abnormal situation of the third greatest power, Russia: a colossal Ishmael, constantly menaced and menacing. Fourth, the policies of frenzied nationalism, more outspoken than any Bismarckian doctrine of blood-and-iron, professed by two great countries, Japan and Italy: both with inadequate territories and a bursting population — a challenge the world might do well to heed. And the chaotic impotence of China is a perennial incentive to violence. Compared with any of these menaces, the back fence squabbles between Marianne and Michael seem harmless enough. We are apt to overemphasize them, because we are historically minded and learn history rather slowly: so we are inclined to fight over again the wars of yesterday, instead of averting the wars of tomorrow. But, whether or not it be entitled to primacy, there is no denying that there is such a thing as a permanent conflict between France and Germany. It would be a great day for the world if the two neigh-

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bors could at last live in peace and amity. I firmly believe that American opinion can help in that good work; help by throwing its weight on the right side, which happens to be neither the side of "France," nor the side of "Germany." The blind and virulent anti-Germanism of the hysterical years did incalculable harm; the more subdued, more insidious Gallophobia of today is hardly better.

France is no favorite with us at present, although few Americans would follow Hearst and Villard in declaring her "the enemy of mankind." Many of us accept the view that France is bent, relentlessly, upon the destruction of Germany: "*Delenda est Germania.*" Germany was deprived of vast provinces in Europe, and of all her colonies, whilst she is denied the one possible compensation, union with Austria. She lost some of her vital mines in the Saar and in Upper Silesia, and at the same time was burdened with preposterous indemnities. All her neighbors are financed, armed, drilled against her by France, and her armaments are reduced to a mere shadow. When German ingenuity packs unexpected power into a "pocket battleship," France takes offense and compels Germany to give up her naval programme, although it is literally within the limits of the Versailles Treaty. When President Hoover makes a generous move to save Germany from bankruptcy and chaos, the French hesitate and haggle. Naturally, our sense of fairness rebels. At the time of the Tangier trouble, Clemenceau said: "The yoke which Germany is trying to fasten upon us does not fit the French neck. Yoke or neck, one or the other, must be broken." Well said, and no less true when truculence changes sides.

This picture of France's haughtiness is plausible, because it is consistent. But let us not forget that there may be a companion picture, just as convincing: the facts are the same, you have only to give a twist to the kaleidoscope. Many Frenchmen have a vivid, nightmarish vision of Germany unrepentant, unchastened; bent on evading or tearing up treaties, eluding proven responsibilities, defaulting on just obligations; Germany faking bankruptcy whilst embarked on extravagant social expenditure; Germany resuming a course of expansion, by means of insidious propaganda and intrigue today, by sheer force tomorrow; Germany still pursuing Pan-Germanism, *Mittel-Europa*, continental hegemony, world empire; a Germany still Bismarckian to the bone, who will understand and respect no right unsupported by might.

Both pictures are horrific; both are partially true. We once believed the worst about the War Lord: in compensation, we are now willing to believe the worst about his conquerors. There is, however, a difference. To admit the Junkerism of the Prussians, we had only to take them at their word; even today, the latest Bismarck monuments emphasize the sword, and barbaric power. But before we can cast M. Pierre Laval in the rôle of Attila, and M. Aristide Briand as Tamburlaine the Great, our imaginations will need a great deal of stretching.

The key word in the controversy is "relentless": we believe that France is essentially vindictive. She does not know how to forget and forgive. Did she not, for half a century, nurse an

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ideal of revenge? We are no saints: but we can not help contrasting this ineradicable Gallic spite with our Anglo-Saxon sportsmanlike spirit: we are ready to shake hands at once with a defeated foe.

Is all this true? A wrong translation may be a public calamity. Our misconception of the French character is due, to a large extent, to the fact that we have no exact equivalent for the word *revanche:* "revenge" is wide of the mark. *Revanche* means an appeal to justice, a second chance, a vindication. When Dreyfus was reinstated in the French army, promoted, decorated on the very spot that had witnessed his degradation, he had his *revanche:* unmarred by any trace of "revenge," for none of his persecutors suffered punishment. When Clemenceau, the last survivor of the deputies who had protested against the tearing away of Alsace-Lorraine, signed the treaty restoring the two provinces to France, *revanche* was complete, *revanche* without hatred:

"*Et nous désapprendrons la haine à nos enfants . . .*"

"And we shall root out hatred from our children's hearts," said the poet of *revanche*, Paul Déroulède.

Throughout history, France has shown the greatest facility to forget ancient feuds. The many wars between France and England in the Eighteenth Century did not stem the tide of Anglomania: between campaigns, Englishmen were fêted in Paris. A few years after Fashoda, and the indignation created by the Boer War, France and England established their *Entente Cordiale.* French and Russian soldiers fraternized in the trenches before Sebastopol: sovereigns and Governments were friends again before the ink of the treaty was dry. Immediately after the Italian campaign of 1859, France and Austria were thoroughly reconciled.

France was conscious, from 1871 to 1918, of an unredressed injustice; she is conscious today of an ever-present danger: but she bears no ancient grudge. Against Germany she has no *Erbfeindschaft:* the word is not French. On the contrary, there has been in France a constant feeling of admiration and sympathy for Germany. Madame de Staël's idealized picture of that country was long accepted as literal truth. Philosophers, poets, historians, musicians, were constantly seeking inspiration beyond the Rhine. "Our mother Germany," said Michelet; "*Ave Germania Mater,*" said Victor Hugo. "When I was first initiated into German literature," wrote Ernest Renan, "I felt as though I were entering a temple." The Nordic Myth was chiefly created by a Frenchman, Count de Gobineau. Jaurès, as true a Frenchman as ever lived, was close to the heart of Germany. Romain Rolland today is by no means alone in his active pro-Germanism. At the other pole of French life and thought, we find Marshal Lyautey, a Lorrainer, a soldier, the descendant of soldiers: Lyautey refers to the war of 1871 as "a fratricide"; to the war of 1914 as "a civil war."

Even since 1919, reconciliation has proceeded with a rapidity far more impressive, for the careful observer, than the shrill quarrels of journalists and politicians. German scientists, writers, musicians, have been heartily welcomed in Paris. Einstein, as was fitting, broke the ice; Thomas Mann followed, Fritz von Unruh,

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many others. No doubt there are *Franzosenfresser* and *Mangeurs de Boches* — local versions of a universal type not unknown among us. I have seen with my own eyes unregenerate Southerners who had not yet forgiven Lincoln, and even a New England lady who kept alive the venerable rancors of the Revolutionary War. The hateful book of Rudolf Herzog, *Wieland der Schmied*, was a best-seller. But in spite of all the sowers of tares, it is no longer treason for Frenchmen and Germans to meet as friends.

II

THERE is no unextinguishable hatred, therefore, between the two nations: only a misunderstanding. And that misunderstanding does not prevail among *all* people: only among the extremists on both sides. The struggle is not between "France" and "Germany" (I have sought elsewhere to show how mischievously artificial those entities were): but between the forces of reconciliation and the forces of suspicion in France and in Germany. It is not a duel between those wise old men Hindenburg and Doumer: but a cordial collaboration between the Briand spirit and the Stresemann spirit against the combined forces of Maurras and Hitler. With, in both nations, the Communists watching gleefully, eager to help the reactionaries destroy the moderates — as Kornilov undermined Kerensky.

The root of the evil, as we all know, is the unholy peace of Versailles. Not that its actual clauses are irremediably bad. European affairs were so tangled up that no ideal solution was conceivable. On a territory inhabited by three races, you can not satisfy all three, even if you grant them all equal privileges. It might be difficult indeed to devise a better compromise; it would be very easy to imagine a worse solution. The curse of Versailles is not in its text, but in its method and spirit: a more insidious curse, less tangible, much harder to remove.

By the revolution of November 9, 1918, Germany turned against the Hohenzollern Empire, condemned it, *joined the Allies in that condemnation.* This, and not the smashing of the Hindenburg line, was the Allies' great victory. If we take the view that the Kaiser's Government was right, then the German Republic is a traitor that stabbed the Fatherland in the back. Justice, generosity, policy should have compelled the Allies to treat the New Germany as a potential friend, to admit her at once to the council table. There was a famous precedent. The Allies of 1814, defenders of Legitimacy, admitted at once the restored Bourbon dynasty as one of themselves. Talleyrand took a leading part in the Congress of Vienna. He played up the acknowledged principle of Legitimacy to France's advantage, just as, no doubt, the Germans would have played up, to their advantage, Wilson's Fourteen Points. Why not? Talleyrand, with all his cleverness, was securing nothing more than plain justice for France — when Napoleon returned from Elba and changed the temper of Europe.

Instead, the Germans were barred from the discussion altogether: an unprecedented act of highhandedness. Bismarck had no chivalry in his nature, and France was prostrate

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in 1871: yet France could at least argue her case at Frankfort. Republican Germany was considered as absolutely identical with imperial Germany. The stigma of guilt was imposed upon her. Peace was forced, not by reason, but by hunger, upon a disarmed foe.

Who is responsible for this, one of the most tragic blunders in history? No one, that is to say every one. Certainly we no less than the French. We had a perfect right to insist upon a full and free discussion, on the bases laid down by Woodrow Wilson. We refrained. We were at that time even more blinded by hate than the French: it was Pershing, not Foch, who regretted that our troops had not crushed their way to Berlin.

Arguing with the Germans would have wasted precious time, when the world's need was immediate peace? But, for lack of a sound basis in principle, the discussions among the Allies were infinitely protracted and painful; they resulted in a bastard peace that is no peace. Twelve years afterwards, the task is still undone, and is more delicate than ever.

As a result of this great betrayal, the nationalist spirit flared up again in Germany; and the German Republicans found themselves in a tragic quandary. Rejected by the Allies, they had to compromise with the extremists. If they were to keep at the head of affairs, save the Revolution, avert a European catastrophe, they had to prove to their own people that they were not weaklings, dupes or traitors. So they had to resist and defy the Allies, knowing full well it was in vain. Never yielding except before a new show of force, they made France appear as an ogre; whilst they confirmed the French militarists in the belief that Germany understood nothing but the whip. The very men who had deposed William II were thus led to stir up German pride by Bismarckian methods. The *Anschluss* of Austria, the "pocket battleships," the festering quarrel with Poland, are not necessities of German life: they are necessities of German home politics. Snarling at France is chiefly an attempt to forestall Hitler and his ilk. A confused situation, which the years have not made less confusing.

But if the Allies — and their "associate," America — made an incalculable mistake at the time of the Armistice, this is no reason why Germany and her sympathizers on this side should make the same mistake today. If William II was deposed in 1918, Poincaré and Millerand, the men of the Ruhr, were defeated in 1924. Poincaré was called back to power: but purely as a financial expert, to save the franc that his Ruhr policy had first put into jeopardy. Poincaré had to put up meekly with the foreign policy of Briand; and if Briand has shown traces of fatigue, the rising man, Pierre Laval, reveals the same desire for sanity and conciliation.

The task therefore is to eliminate the Versailles poison. But it can not be done by means of war: for the damning fault of Versailles is that it prolonged the war spirit into times of alleged peace. And by war, we do not understand purely the mowing down of soldiers: we understand, with Clausewitz, the attempt to break the opponent's will. What our American pacifists are advocating is war against France. Neither the will

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of France nor the will of Germany should be broken, even by economic pressure, threats or intrigues: those wills should be enlightened and purified. Tearing up Versailles would be an act of war; amending Versailles, making it gradually obsolete and innocuous, is a slow, but not an impossible task.

Some Frenchmen may take an uncompromising attitude: their resounding "Never!" is bluff, even though they themselves are duped by it. There is not one French Government in the last ten years that has not whittled down something of the sacrosanct treaties. Lloyd-George's nonsense: "Hang the Kaiser!" was the first thing to go; and gone also is his marvelous promise of squeezing the Boches "till the pips squeak." Through a weary series of conferences and American plans, the reparations have repeatedly been toned down; and the end is not yet. France considers now Locarno, not Versailles, consent, not force, as her legal title to her Eastern frontier. The Rhine has been evacuated long ahead of schedule. And it was Briand who welcomed Germany into the League of Nations, with a permanent seat in the council.

Versailles is crumbling by imperceptible degrees. The process could be immeasurably quickened if only France volunteered to expunge the "guilt" clause. This clause, which claims to be *moral*, is morally invalid because it was exacted by force. It is unjust as applied to republican Germany. There is no sense at present in condemning the defunct Hohenzollern Empire: the very existence of the German Republic is its condemnation. It would not be necessary to convene all the signatories of Versailles: a one-sided declaration on the part of France would suffice.

This clause expunged, Germany would be automatically liberated from any punitive indemnity, such as the one imposed upon France in 1871; she would not be liable, either, for the cost of the War to the Allies. But she would not be excused from *reparations*. For the sake of peace, the world must learn that it does not pay to be the aggressor. And, in spite of all quibbling, the aggressor is the one who fires the first shot. Let there be no first shot, there will be no war. If we admitted the Prussian plea, that a nation in self-defense may strike first, the lesson of 1914–18 would have been in vain. "Guilty" or not, whoever crosses his neighbor's frontier should be held accountable for every damage done beyond. If Germany, like France, had held her troops ten kilometers within her own boundaries, the whole tragedy would have been averted.

But this question of reparations, so far as France and Germany are concerned, has become almost purely academic. Some Frenchmen may have hoped that inter-Allied debts would be canceled, on the plea of "the common cause," whilst the German obligations would stand. This fine scheme has been ruined twice over. The nationalism of Clemenceau and Poincaré has destroyed the claims of the "common cause"; and the fact is plainly evident that Germany, long excused from any indemnity or War costs, is unable to pay even adequate reparations. Not paid by Germany, France can not pay us: after ten years of wilful blindness, we have at last recog-

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nized (if only for one year) the connection between debts and reparations. International indebtedness reaching astronomic figures has proved "the great illusion," as Norman Angell told us long before now. Germany's just debt to France, and France's just debt to us, will go the same way, *viz.*, overboard. After all, we grew rich during the War and through the War, whilst both of them were impoverished; and we can gain more even today by general cancelation than by forcing either or both into bankruptcy. There no longer is a special Franco-German problem: there is a triangular Franco-German-American problem; and its solution is within easy reach.

(It may be that, for the sake of sticklers in Washington and Paris, the horrific word *cancelation* will never be uttered by responsible lips. There will only be a new "adjustment": France making nominal payments to us, and retaining a nominal margin towards reparations. Or we might all pay each other in full, in the form of unsalable bonds without interest: anything to save the valuable face of the politicians.)

III

IF, THROUGH a generous gesture, the spirit of confidence were encouraged, the actual causes of quarrel between France and Germany would lose their sting. We can only pass a few of them in rapid review, to show that in all cases their acuity is due to stubbornness and pride, rather than to the clash of permanent and vital interests.

We consider it a great sin, on the part of the French, to have a military understanding with Poland. Poland is called the cat's paw, the hireling of France. Here again, generosity would be far less blind than distrust. We should realize, for one thing, that the Polish alliance is for France a liability, not an assset. Locarno has liberated France from worries on the Rhine: she does not relish having to assume responsibilities on the Vistula. We should not forget that sympathy for martyred Poland is a long tradition in France — not the result of a shady deal between Millerand and Pilsudski. "Ever since the partition of Poland," said Father Gratry, "Europe has been in a state of mortal sin." Paris saw repeated demonstrations urging the Government of the day to a Polish crusade. The only time when Prince Napoleon and Empress Eugénie were in agreement was when both desired that France should intervene in favor of Poland in 1863 Czar Alexander II, coming to Paris as a friend, was greeted with the cry: "Long live Poland!" We may shake our heads at disinterested sympathies: but cynicism is not invariably a safe guide. The enthusiasm for American independence under Louis XVI, for Greek emancipation under the Restoration, for Italian liberation and unity in 1859, for the Boer Republics in 1899, can not be dismissed as purely Machiavellian. France is not all sentiment, any more than we are; but France, like ourselves, is not free from sentiment either. Now France knows that the Prussians, trained to despise the Poles, are not resigned to the loss of their Polish provinces; they can not admit that a single German should live under the Polish flag. So long as they have not accepted the necessity

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at least of a reasonable compromise, there will be no peace. And France is determined that Poland shall not be sacrificed again.

It may seem absurd that East Prussia should be separated from the main body of the Reich by a Polish Corridor; it would be no less absurd if a country of thirty millions should be shut off from the sea by a tenuous German Corridor. Both alternatives have their drawbacks: economically, the present one is the less objectionable, for the trade of Poland with her one great port is far more vital than the trade of East Prussia with the rest of Germany. But the determining factor is that the population of the famous Corridor is overwhelmingly Polish: it was recognized as such by German geographers before the War. France has no sympathy with the governmental methods of Poland; she recognizes, however, the desperate situation of the newly reborn country, between irreconcilable Russia and unreconciled Germany. For her understanding with Poland, France would like to substitute pacts of non-aggression between Poland and her neighbors. The "security" which is the keynote of France's policy does not mean security for herself alone: it is a principle, not a privilege.

Take the *Anschluss:* no doubt there are French people who have appointed themselves, oddly enough, the keepers of the Bismarckian tradition: for it was Bismarck, in 1866, who disrupted ancient Germany, and drove Austria out of the fold. They dread the accretion of several millions to the overwhelming millions of Germany. But Germany would be less aggressive if she were bicephalous; and Vienna alone is capable of counterbalancing Berlin. That which they fear they can not prevent through "scraps of paper": if Austria is really at heart with the Reich, she would fight by the side of the Reich in the next war. In 1870, the Southern German States arrayed themselves by the side of Prussia, although the formal unity of the Empire was not realized until seven months later. So it is vain to keep those two apart, if they choose to be one: Wilsonism is in agreement with sober common sense.

But France had a perfect right to resent the manner in which the last move for union was taken. It savored too much of Bismarckian duplicity. It was offered, for one thing, as a purely economic agreement, in no wise political. Everybody knew that Austria and Germany were suffering from exactly the same evils and were in no position to help each other in the economic field. The proper kind of a customs union would be for each industrial state to join an agricultural state — for Germany to combine with Poland, for Austria to associate with Hungary. A *Zollverein*, to be workable, implies the same labor legislation, the same fiscal principles, the same trade policy: in a word, complete assimilation between its members.

The French resented particularly the surreptitious method in which the thing was concocted. All the nations of Europe were engaged in discussing the problem of federating the continent; and behind their backs, those two brewed a special understanding of their own. It was a pitiful attempt to score a point for

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prestige; and it did incalculable harm to the cause of reconciliation.

But we must remember that the French extremists also were defeated. France did not, at their dictation, use the threat of her sword as an *ultima ratio:* she submitted the matter to the World Court. She won by a single vote: a solemn warning that international opinion would not favor a dog-in-the-manger policy. In a very few years, under more favorable circumstances, it is practically certain that this vote will be reversed. In the coming United States of Europe, Austria will no doubt be free to reënter the Germanic Body.

We fully agree with the Germans that one-sided disarmament is oppressive and contrary to the promises implied in the Versailles Treaty. The remedy, however, is not a return to the senseless race for military and naval supremacy: all nations should disarm, even as Germany — none too willingly — has disarmed. As the protagonist of radical disarmament, Germany had a splendid part to play in world politics. The "pocket battleship" affair, on the contrary, was another of those tricky victories that are more costly than defeats. Strictly within the letter of the law, Germany managed to resume the race for power. The normal reply to such a challenge would be a still more expensive French battleship; Italy would have to follow suit; England and ourselves would be caught in the whirl.

The question of the former German colonies does not concern France and Germany alone; nor even France, England and Germany. Italy has already served notice that, if a new deal were made, she would have claims to advance: and we may be sure they would not be modest. If Italy, why not Japan and Poland, who also have teeming populations and no sufficient outlet? It is obvious that England, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, as well as France, have far too much, and the rest of the world too little. Redistribution would be fraught with difficulties and dangers. The solution lies rather in the principle of the Open Door. The former colonies of Germany now under French control are not suitable for white settlement. Let them be developed for the interest of the natives, with equal opportunities for all Europeans. An industrial and commercial Franco-German condominium is an idea which M. Caillaux was willing to accept twenty years ago, and which is capable of application today.

The present leaders of France and Germany are reasonable men: far more reasonable than the pro-German pacifists and the anti-French bellicists in this country. They fully understand that salvation can not come by reopening the old quarrels, but by leaving them resolutely behind. "The way out is forward." Any shrieking denunciation of France gives aid and comfort, not to Hindenburg, but to Hitler. Every electoral victory for Hitler, every noisy demonstration of the Steel Helmets, is a victory for the French chauvinists against Briand and Laval. We do not want to see either France or Germany under the other's yoke: we want to see the will to prideful mischief broken in both, and, in both, the will to reconciliation exalted. It can be done, and we can help, if we abandon all thought of coercing, if we are willing to understand and sympathize.

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Let Malthus Be Dead!

By Henry Pratt Fairchild

Why, in a supposedly intelligent world, should there be this urge toward increasing populations?

In the year 1800 there were about seven hundred million people in the world. In the year 1900 there were about one billion, seven hundred million. It took the human species a million or more years to pile up a net aggregate of less than three quarters of a billion. Then, in the next hundred years, it added a billion more. The Nineteenth Century accomplished nearly fifty per cent more in the way of accumulating population than the entire previous span of human existence.

And yet there are persons who are frightfully disturbed over any decline in the rate of population growth!

There is scarcely any aspect of applied social science so infused with emotion, tradition, prejudice, convention, fear and romantic mysticism as the question of population. In spite of the large and increasing amount of scientific study given to the question in recent years, there still remains a vast amount of misunderstanding, and ill-informed and biased thinking on the subject.

The population of the world much more than doubled in the Nineteenth Century. The simplest arithmetical process is enough to demonstrate what utterly fantastic results would ensue if this rate were to be continued for even one thousand years. In the United States the situation is accentuated. When we took our first census in 1790 there were about four million people in the country. The census of 1930 enumerated nearly one hundred and twenty-three million. The population had increased over thirty-fold in 140 years. Imagine what this country would be like if we had thirty times the present population 140 years from now! That would be nearly twice as many people as there are in the whole world today. If we were to continue increasing at the rate that prevailed even as late as the years just before the World War, by the end of this century — a date that many of us would live to see — the United States would be considerably more crowded than China is today.

A continuance of the past and present rates of increase would inevitably bring calamity unimaginable. How strange, then, that people should become so alarmed over any sign that the old rate of increase is slowing up!

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THERE are several explanations for this widespread consternation. The first is, that we have become so habituated to a rapidly growing population that we have come to think of it as normal. During the lifetime of any one living today, rapid increase has been the rule. It is hard, then, to realize that any other situation may ever have prevailed. To a robin, hatched out last June among green leaves, warm sun, soft showers, and ripening fruit, it must seem that the end of the world is coming when in the autumn the leaves begin to fall, the days grow shorter and the cold winds come howling out of the north.

This illusion affects even the statisticians. Practically all the vital statistics with which they have to work date from one hundred or less years ago. Practically every authentic curve of population growth shows a pronounced upturn. It is the easiest thing in the world, accordingly, to assume that if we had data for antecedent periods, the same general tendencies would be manifest. But this is pure assumption, and indeed, assumption contrary to fact. There is nothing inherently and necessarily constant or consistent about the curves of vital statistics themselves. Statistics are merely a graphic representation of actual phenomena. The phenomena themselves are governed by an intricate complex of forces, which may vary so widely at different times as to produce very dissimilar results.

In point of fact, during the long span of human existence the population of the world must have been nearly stationary. If there are two billion people in the world today, and if man has been in existence a million years, it follows that the average increase of population the world over has been only 2,000 a year. Or if we consider the population up to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the average annual increase was only 700 a year. And the United States alone added 17,000,000 in the last ten years! (Of course, this is a rather extreme use of the simple arithmetical average, but it suffices to illustrate the point.)

The law of Nature is the law of stationary population. Man, by his special human devices, has succeeded in escaping this law hitherto. But his advance was by infinitesimally slow stages up to the last two or three hundred years.

A virtually stationary population is normal. It is a rapidly increasing population that calls for explanation, and that should serve as a signal of alarm.

Naturally enough, the question arises: what accounted for the phenomenal increase of the past century and a half? Are the factors that underlay it permanent? Can we count on a continuance of their operation into an indefinite future?

The specifically human devices whereby man has been able thus far to escape the law of stationary population, and to maintain a continuous, even though very gradual, increase in numbers fall into two main categories. The first is the acquisition of new land. The second is the development of an economic culture, which has enabled him to make the resources of the land much more fully and efficiently available for his own uses than any of the lower animals.

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The Nineteenth Century saw an extraordinary development in both these fields. The discovery of America, three centuries earlier, had opened up half a globe to the advanced and aggressive peoples of the world. The possibilities of this great new acquisition began to come to fruition about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. At the same time there originated the most spectacular advance in economic culture, probably, that humanity had ever known — what we have come to know as the Industrial and Commercial Revolutions. This combination of advantages gave mankind a chance for expansion materially, and in population, such as it had never had before. The record of the Nineteenth Century was man's reply.

Unless one can believe that a similar conjunction of fortunate circumstances may recur from time to time, there is no ground for hope that the population history of the Nineteenth Century can be duplicated at any time within the foreseeable future. An exact duplication is manifestly impossible. One of the two causal factors has come to an end, and will never be revived. The acquisition of new land, which had done man such yeoman service for a million years, reached its grand climax with the appropriation of the American continents. There is now no more land to discover. The population growth of the future must rest upon further developments of the industrial arts, and, stupendous as these may be, it is vain to expect that they alone can suffice to provide for increase at the rate of more than doubling every one hundred years. It is virtually certain that the Nineteenth Century will remain unique in all the future, as it has in the past, of man's development. To generalize about social trends and human destiny on the basis of the Nineteenth Century is the most pernicious kind of fallacy.

A SECOND reason for the widespread dismay aroused by a reduction in the rate of population growth is that it is being effected by a decline in the birth rate. This is very generally interpreted as a sign of degeneration, or social decadence of some sort. This is doubtless due to the fact that until very recent times every vigorous people, sound physically and socially, has in point of fact displayed a relatively high birth rate. By a natural, though not wholly sound, logical process it has come to be assumed that a high birth rate is a sign of national virility, and a low birth rate, or still worse a declining one, a mark of some unwholesome condition. France, with its relatively low birth rate, has been viewed by other nations with a mixture of scorn and pity. This is particularly striking in view of the fact that in Nature the universal rule is that every ascent in the scale of evolution, toward greater specialization and higher organization, is characteristically accompanied by a reduction in the rate of fecundity. The prodigious spawning of the lower organisms is replaced in the higher types by a very limited fecundity, while intelligence and parental care take the place of blind chance as a guarantee of the survival of a sufficient number of offspring to provide for the perpetuation of the species.

The testimony of Nature, then, would lead us to expect in man the

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highest development of this tendency, and this is exactly what we find. Man has always had a very low birth rate compared to most of the lower animals, but has been able to keep up his numbers, and actually to increase them, by the application of certain capacities more highly developed in him than in any other species. One final stage in this process is now taking place, and in fact accounts largely for the phenomena which arouse the uneasiness which we are discussing. This is the introduction and wide dissemination of birth control knowledge and practice. It is inevitable that alarm over the declining birth rate and rate of population growth should be linked up with, or manifest itself in the form of, attacks on birth control.

To evaluate properly these attacks, and really to understand the whole situation, it is essential to bear constantly in mind the fact, already pointed out, that the phenomenal and unprecedented increase of the Nineteenth Century *had* to be checked. On simple physical grounds it could not have gone on indefinitely, and a continuation for even a brief time would have involved incalculable danger, suffering, and loss of standards of living. The only question was how the reduction was to be achieved.

There are only two possible ways of effecting a reduction in the rate of population growth. One is by increasing the death rate. The other is by diminishing the birth rate. Nature's way is the former. Nature enforces her law of stationary population by an appalling toll of death, particularly of the new-born, and allows the exuberant fecundity of her creatures to go on unchecked. But man, for reasons of his own, has always fought against this method of Nature. One of the most universal social objectives, at all times and in all places, has been the diminution of the number of deaths, or, in other words, the prolongation of life. During the past one hundred and fifty years man has been increasingly successful in this undertaking.

Now in the face of this steady reduction in the death rate, patently desirable for its own sake, what was man to do when faced with the inevitable necessity of checking the rate of population growth? Was he to reverse his entire previous policy, abandon all the life-saving expedients so assiduously won, and allow the death rate to spring back to twenty-five or thirty per thousand? Such a solution was unthinkable. The only other alternative was to bring about a decline in the birth rate. Nature would not do this for him. He had to discover distinctively human ways of accomplishing it. In the opinion of many, certain aspects of modern civilization were automatically producing this result. But in any case, they were not going far enough. The only possible expedient was an intelligent, rational, and voluntary limitation of births, an adjustment of fecundity to the conditions and requirements of contemporary life.

And yet, apparently, there are those to whom a declining birth rate, and a slowly growing, not to say stationary, population are so inherently evil that they are willing to see society subject to untold hardships and suffering as the price of avoiding them — or probably it

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would be fairer to say that they are blinded to the fact that such a price has to be paid. Dr. Louis I. Dublin is one of the foremost spokesmen of this general point of view. He recognizes birth control as an established fact, and describes very lucidly the various changes which are taking place in our population, including the diminution of factual fecundity itself, and also the shifts in age distribution which will be the natural result. But he fails to make clear why these processes are undesirable, or to explain why their consequences should be "viewed with alarm."

The really misleading aspect of Dr. Dublin's line of reasoning, however, is his assumption that the declining rate of population growth is due to some constant factors, which will continue to operate in the same direction indefinitely. In other words, he exemplifies the besetting statistical sin of considering only the shape of curves and the direction of present trends, failing almost completely to examine into the fundamental conditions and forces which determine the facts back of these curves and trends. He is oblivious to the conspicuous fact that within the past one hundred and fifty years the curve of population growth has turned up spectacularly, and there is no inherent reason why it should not turn up again in the future if conditions call for such a movement.

Indeed, this statistical habit is probably accountable for one of the grave apprehensions held by the school which Dr. Dublin represents. They fear that the decline in the rate of population growth will not exhaust itself at the point of stationary population, but that an actual decline may set in. If a stationary population is deplorable, a declining population is immeasurably more so.

The key to the whole situation and to a correct understanding of the meaning of present developments is a recognition of the fact that reproduction in human society is a very flexible and sensitive process which responds closely to the prevailing influences. In the past, the rate of population growth has gone up and down according to the conditions which affected population. It will continue to do so in the future. Of course it is true that the wide spread of birth control has injected an entirely new element into the situation. It is just this that causes so much distress to the alarmists. They fear that when people are equipped to have only so many children as they want, they will not want enough children to keep up the numbers of society. They feel that for social reasons people ought to be compelled to have more children than they want.

Of course, it would be easy to meet this attitude by saying that any nation that did not care enough for its own perpetuity to undergo the sacrifices necessary to keep up its numbers would deserve to be crowded off the earth and leave its room for another people with a stronger race sense. But this would be much too flippant a way of disposing of the matter.

The simple truth is that society has an enormous power to get what it wants from its individual members. If the time ever comes when actual depopulation threatens, there will

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develop a host of sanctions in the way of favorable public opinion, social acclaim, and perhaps even awards of a tangible sort in favor of moderately large families, sufficient to produce the necessary increments to the population. Today, large families are a cause of critical, pitying, or derisive comment. In other days they have been a source of pride and esteem. They may easily become so again. And if this time comes, the very establishment of birth control, instead of being an impediment, will prove an advantage by having placed the whole question of reproduction on the basis of intelligence, forethought, desire and self-control.

So the real question is whether society today wants a rapidly increasing, a slowly increasing, or a stationary population. Dr. Dublin depicts no concrete evils of a stationary population; the conditions he describes as resulting from the changes in age distribution have as much to commend as to condemn them. There are many positive advantages which it would obviously offer. Indeed, there is just one great argument in favor of large populations. That is the militaristic one, which looks upon human beings primarily as cannon fodder, and it will have great weight as long as war is a prominent social activity, and as long as man power is the dominant factor in military success. There is evidence that the latter condition is already changing and we may be permitted to hope that the former is approaching its end. Furthermore, there is a reverse aspect of this relationship, as will be pointed out later.

Among the foremost positive advantages of a stationary population is that it will check the rapidly accelerating rate of exploitation of natural resources, not only of the utilitarian substances necessary for our mechanical civilization, but perhaps even more importantly the æsthetic, cultural and recreational facilities which exist only in a sparsely settled country. What a frightful price increasing population demands in the way of the elimination of forest, meadow and waterside, and all the wide stretches of solitude and quiet peace!

Scarcely less important, if at all, would be the substitution of the reign of quality for that of quantity. The United States in particular, and the world in general, are afflicted with acute megalomania. We are obsessed with the desire to pull down our barns and build greater. Here in this country nothing is allowed to mature, to mellow, to become moss-grown, to blend into the natural and social landscape. Our feverish craze for increase dulls our artistic senses, substitutes the worship of utility for that of beauty and creates a whole distorted set of values. Only in a stationary population can these tendencies be overcome.

In the third place, a stationary population would permit a rational study of the standard of living, and a deliberate planning and social engineering for the achievement and maintenance of the highest possible standard. It is true enough that the characteristic "prosperity" of this country is based upon the assumption of an increasing population. There are certain types of business, such as railroads, advertising and

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particularly insurance, that derive conspicuous, though somewhat specious, profits from population increase, and which can put off the final day of reckoning as long as the increase continues. But taking the country as a whole, the prosperity that rests primarily on population increase is unstable, unreliable and very inequitably distributed. Far better would be a less spectacular prosperity, which involved less ruthless competition, was more evenly apportioned among all members of the community and had greater elements of constancy and continuity.

But the greatest and most undeniable advantage of stationary populations the world over would be removal of the great underlying motive of international war — overpopulation. There can be no doubt that practically every great international war in history has had as a contributing, if not dominating, motive the pressure of population upon the land resources of one people or another, or the craving for the increased material well-being that seems to be attainable by aggression upon the territory of less densely crowded nations. A century of stationary populations would do more to end war than all the peace pacts and disarmament treaties ever penned. The time has come for the advocates of international concord to stop talking about the necessity of large numbers as a provision for, or preventive of, war, and to concentrate their attention on stationary populations as a guarantee of peace.

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Hit the Pocketbook

By Paul Working

A Story

Debbie sat down at the edge of the steep grade and slowly took off his shoes. He winced a little as he pulled a sock off. One of the blisters had broken and bled. The cool breeze from the mountains in the east felt good after the burning day. The sun had set behind the mountains in the west and, from his vantage point on the high ridge, Debbie could see both ranges. The western range was black and jagged against the sunset sky, but a few vagrant rays of the sun still colored the snowcapped peaks in the east. He had walked all day in the valley between the two ranges of mountains, twenty-six miles over hills and ridges, and in all the long walk had passed only two ranches. Only once had he crossed a stream where he could bathe his swollen feet, and that was many miles behind him. The high barren ridges ahead gave as little promise of running water.

The boy slid down the grade a little way until he could lean back and rest. The construction camp was in front of him, a hundred yards away, but he couldn't walk a step farther even if another man was waiting there to ask for the job.

Dad's ranch seemed very far away just now. Debbie wondered what they were having for supper tonight. It wouldn't be much, he knew. He wondered, too, what Dad had told Ma this morning when he had driven home without the groceries she had ordered. He had been in the store when the bookkeeper at the Merc had called Dad aside and told him that the store couldn't let them have any more credit.

"We've got to eat," Dad had protested.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Reynolds," the man had said, "but we've carried you all winter, and you've never paid anything on last year's account. We know you'll pay as soon as you get anything, but that doesn't help us now. We have to have money to keep in business."

Mr. Reynolds had called Debbie. "I guess we better go home, son," he had said.

Sitting in the buggy outside — they hadn't been able to buy a license for the Ford that spring — Debbie's Dad had explained.

"I really need you to help put the crop in, boy, but I guess you'll have to hunt a job. I thought we could make it through until fall after we got the Government seed loan,

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but now, with the Merc shutting us off we can't make it. I don't blame them, but I'd hoped —"

After a moment he spoke again.

"I don't know where you can get work, either. It's my fault, I guess, that you've grown to be twenty years old without learning anything but farming."

IT HAD been a hopeless quest, but Debbie approached every business man in town and every farmer and not until he met Ed King did he hear of a chance to get work. Ed had hired out a team to the construction crew driving the new road through the hills twenty-six miles north. The foreman had called him that morning and told him that he had fired Ed's driver after the team had run away and that he was going to get a new man in his place. Ed had thought there might be a chance for Debbie if he got there early so the boy started up the road walking, hoping he would be able to catch a ride part way. But travel had been light so early in the summer and he had walked the whole distance.

He looked again at the camp across the gulch. With the lantern light showing through them the big squad tents looked friendly. The long narrow houses on broad wheels must be the bunk houses and the cook house. They had steps let down behind and a stubby tongue to hook to the caterpillar tractors which stood in an orderly row to the side.

Presently men began to straggle out of the cook house and spread among the tents and wheeled houses. A smell of coffee drifted to the boy sitting by the road and he realized he was hungry and cold. He sat forward and examined his swollen feet, then forced them into the thin shoes and limped over to a house on the steps of which some men were smoking.

"Is the boss around?" he asked.

"Who do you want, Debbie?" one of the men asked. "Jenson or the big boss, Staley?"

"Whoever does the hiring," the boy said, staring at the man in the dusk. He was too tired to remember where he had seen the fellow before, but he must be a lumberjack, for he had the calked boots, ragged overalls and shirt they wore.

"Well, that's Jenson. He's the big ugly Swede with the barn boss down there by the feed racks."

The feed racks were down the gulch at a little distance from the rest of the camp. As Debbie stumbled nearer he saw that they also were on wheels and were lined with horses. The white light of a gasoline lantern bobbing along guided him to the two men who were examining the animals. As he drew nearer the circle of light he could hear one of the men speaking.

"— nobody but a farmer to drive a team any more and they're not worth a damn. Staley may be saving money by using horses but the work's going too slow for me."

The man with the lantern stopped behind one of the teams and said something the boy could not hear.

"Sure the work's hard," the bigger man replied, "but I don't own the teams and I got to get the job done. If some farmer's fool enough to hire them out on a job like this, he's got to expect them to work."

Debbie stepped up and spoke.

"Mr. Jenson, Ed King said you

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needed a driver for his team. Can I get the job?"

"Ever drive before?"

"Sure. I've driven this team here lots of times. I've worked for King threshing."

Jenson spat and turned to the barn boss.

"See?" he said. "Another kid fresh from the farm. Knows the horses, too. Ain't that nice?"

He turned to Debbie suddenly.

"Look here, kid, you can have the job. But I don't want you making pets out of this team. You'll get the work done or I'll kick hell out of you and send you down the road talking to yourself."

Debbie was too tired to be resentful.

"All right, Mr. Jenson," he said.

"Get over to the office and sign up, then. Forty cents an hour, ten hours, six and a half days a week. Dollar and a half for board and bring your own bed roll."

As he found his way over the rough ground to the timekeeper's office Debbie figured. He would clear two dollars and a half a day. Thirty days would make seventy-five dollars. When he had bought the clothes he needed, he could send the folks fifty or sixty dollars. If they could only hold out until pay day.

HE WAS shivering in the keen mountain air when he got back to the bunk house and stepped diffidently into the lighted room. Some of the men were playing cards and one of them, the lumberjack, looked up.

"Got a roll?" he asked.

Debbie shook his head.

"Well, if you aren't lousy, you can bunk with me," the man pointed to a wide bunk in the corner. "Roll in there. I've got an ace in the hole and another coming up."

Silently, Debbie walked over and, shedding his outer clothing, crawled into bed. He remembered the man now, Hoosier Hamilton. He had worked on Ed King's threshing crew three years ago. Then Debbie had felt immensely superior to the drinking, fighting, gambling lumberjack. The face over the card table was scarred, the nose was out of shape, teeth were missing, but in the few moments of conscious thought left to the boy he thought it a kind face.

When the boy dressed in the morning, shivering in the unheated room, Hoosier pulled a heavy woolen shirt from his pack and gave it to him.

"It's old," he said. "Put it on."

Breakfast was good, the best the boy had eaten for a long time. Since the first dry season two years ago money had been scarce in the Reynolds family: oatmeal with milk had been the morning meal. Cream had to be sold to buy groceries and each year Debbie had seen his mother and the kids grow leaner and hungrier. The boy wolfed hotcakes, eggs, fried potatoes and ham, and gulped down steaming coffee, and when he could hold no more he leaned back and shook out the last few crumbs of tobacco from the red tin for a cigarette. In a few days he could draw a little money and send to town for more.

Jenson stopped him as he was driving the team he had harnessed away from the feed racks toward the line of dump wagons.

"Remember what I said, kid," the foreman told him. "You get the

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work out of those horses or I'll kick your ribs in. I'm tired of having you farmers quit after a couple of days because we work the horses too hard. One more story like that and somebody'll take a beating."

DEBBIE nodded and drove on. He felt better this morning and if it weren't for the family —

The team was nervous, but so were all the horses. There was shouting and swearing and one or two of the teams almost broke away from the drivers before they were hitched to the wagons. His own wagon had a new tongue and the quarter straps in the harness were new. Evidently the team had busted things up pretty well when they ran away.

He fell into line behind Hoosier and followed the other wagons to the cut where the gasoline-driven shovel was starting up. Debbie and Hoosier were near the end of the line and Debbie was able to watch the other wagons taking their loads. There was a great heap of rock and dirt in the face of the cut, broken away with dynamite the day before. A wagon would move alongside the shovel. The engine would roar and the big armored jaw would dig into the base of the heap of rubble, and come up heaped with a load of jagged rock to be dumped into the wagon. Debbie was fascinated with the work of the machine. It seemed alive as it dug into the stone in front of it. The scoop would be almost full, with a big boulder the size of a small safe balanced, undecided whether to fall into or away from the load. The scoop would follow it craftily up the heap until it began to drop away, then hesitate and, as the rock balanced, it would suddenly shoot ahead, snatch its victim and rise swiftly, swing around, back, dip down and drop to the wagon. There wasn't an unnecessary motion and the engineer running the machine moved so slightly that he seemed to be only an onlooker.

Debbie's turn came and he drove into place. As the scoop swung over him he dodged involuntarily, but it passed smoothly above him and, almost gently, dropped its load into his wagon. He swung the team sharply to the left and drove away a quarter of a mile to the fill over the gulch where the rubble was dumped. The gulch was dry, but in the bottom the bridge crew was at work setting the forms for pouring cement. The dirt and stone from the cut would form approaches for the new bridge.

Here there was a man, the dump boss, who directed the drivers where to dump their loads. The banks of the gulch were steep and it was a precarious job to back the uneasy horses to exactly the right place without slipping over the lip of the fill into the gulch below. Debbie's team handled easily and he was able to follow closely behind Hoosier until Hoosier's wagon developed some trouble and he fell out of line, to fall in behind Debbie on the next round.

As the sun stood higher in the sky and it began to get hot, gaps appeared in the line of wagons and Debbie had to wait while other teams were loading and unloading. There should have been no halts with so many wagons, but along the narrow fill and beside the engine there was room for only one team and unless a man pulled out along the wider portions of the new road,

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he had to follow in line with twenty others. The cause of the delays soon became apparent. Some of the teams backed badly and when the dump boss and drivers began to shout and lash them, they jerked and reared until it often took several minutes to get them into place.

Even Debbie's horses began to get nervous and edge about. At last, after a longer halt than usual, Jenson came raging up, his red face almost purple with anger. He grabbed the bridles of the unruly horses and tried to jerk them back. One of the horses, now crazy with fear, reared and struck with his front feet. Jenson slipped aside, and, picking up a pick handle, swung viciously at the animal. Only his uncertain footing kept him from killing it.

"Look out, Jenson," the dump boss yelled. "If you kill him you'll have to pay for him."

Jenson dropped the handle but he snatched the driver's whip from its socket and beat the horse over the head until it backed under the punishment and the load could be dropped.

Debbie's wagon was next in line. As he turned and began to back, Jenson grabbed the horses' bridles and tried to force them into place.

"Whoa, hold it," Debbie called, and the team stood still, trembling.

Jenson looked up surprised.

"What the hell? Back this team up, you fool. The whole line's stopped."

"Let go the bridles," Debbie told him.

Jenson jerked the bits and the team began to step uneasily.

Debbie reached back into the load and picking up a good sized stone stood up, balancing it in his hand.

"Let go, Jenson," he said quietly.

Jenson's mouth opened and his hands dropped down as he stood speechless. Soothing the team, Debbie backed smoothly into place, kicked the dump lever and drove away.

AT NOON Hoosier sat beside Debbie and while they were eating he leaned over and asked, "What did you figure on doing with that rock you were waving at the boss this morning?"

Debbie felt the blood rushing to his face. He had worried over that all morning.

"I'd have thrown it at him if he hadn't let my team alone," he said.

"You trying to lose your job already?"

"No," Debbie said between mouthfuls, "I don't dare do that. I just got kinda mad for a minute. I've driven those horses before and I don't want Ed's team to get hurt while I'm driving them."

"Well you listen here. For a kid that came to camp with feet like yours were last night, you're mighty hard to get along with. If you want to get even with Jenson," Hoosier looked around, then lowered his voice, "slow up on the job. Lose your tools. Fix it so the outfit loses money on the contract, then you're hitting him the same way he hits you. If I don't get to Jenson before he sees you, now, you're through. You keep out of his way until tonight."

When the meal was over Debbie saw Jenson coming from the office. He slid around a corner and Hoosier walked out to meet the boss. Debbie

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waited, out of sight, to hear what they said. Hoosier began to laugh as he blocked the man's way.

"Say, Jenson," the lumberjack said, "You let the kid bluff you out, didn't you?"

Debbie felt his job slipping away from him, and he remembered the wind-drifted fields at home.

The foreman stopped. "He been bragging about that? I was just going to fire him. Now he'll take a couple of black eyes down the road with him."

"Aw say, Jenson, he's a good kid. I thought he was trying to run a whizzer on you, too. But you know what he told me?" Hoosier began to chuckle again. "He said he thought the horse was going to strike like the other one did this morning and he figured to knock the brute down with that dornick."

Jenson's eyes narrowed and he looked closely at the lumberjack.

"He did, did he?"

"Sure he did. Cripes, I thought he was going to crown you, myself, until I asked him."

Debbie followed the two men thoughtfully as they walked away. He sure had to keep that job. If he couldn't send the folks at least fifty dollars, they could never make it. If the boss would just leave him alone!

JENSON was waiting at the feed racks when Debbie came that evening.

"Say, kid," he began roughly, "I thought you was going to throw that rock at me. Next time you can't get your team to work, off the job you go. And don't go picking up any more rocks or I might guess wrong and pull you off the wagon."

The boy watched the man's wide shoulders as he walked away. He would have given anything to swing on him just once. Hoosier came up as he stood looking after the foreman. He seemed to read Debbie's thoughts.

"Don't go getting ideas, kid," he advised. "That Swede's too tough for you. He'd have you down before you knew what had happened and then you'd have a face like mine. Boots sure raise hell with your mug. He's not to blame, any way. He's got to work us animals so the contractor in Minneapolis makes a profit."

"What's his idea, getting so tough?" Debbie asked resentfully.

"They're all that way, kid. They wouldn't have the job if they weren't on our necks all the time. Do you think he'd last a week with the company if this job didn't show a good profit? And him with a family to support, too?"

Two more lumberjacks showed up at the camp that night and got jobs. They greeted Hoosier as an old friend and, after a survey of the bunkhouse, unceremoniously dumped the bedding from a bunk next to his and spread out their roll. The dispossessed drivers moved meekly to another bunk across the room, overawed by the quiet aggressiveness of the new men.

A COUPLE of weeks passed and camp was moved twice before Debbie came into Jenson's notice again. A team had run away and the driver, slow to jump, had been thrown down the bank of the fill into the rocks. Debbie stopped his team and slid down the bank to the man's side. He was unconscious and the boy had

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straightened him out and was trying to see how badly he was injured when Jenson came up.

"Get back on your wagon," the boss ordered.

"We better get this fellow to a doctor," Debbie said.

"Get on your wagon. You're holding up the whole line."

As he climbed back to the wagon Debbie saw the boss lift an arm which bent limply backward from the elbow. The sight sickened him and he hurried to drive on. The man was still lying in the hot sun while the boy made the next two trips with the wagon. No one was near him, and Jenson stood on the grade watching the work. But when he made the third trip the man was gone and Debbie saw the boss's car going toward town.

Later that week Debbie went to town. After he had purchased tobacco he walked around, and remembering the man who had been hurt, visited the hospital. He came home thoughtful and depressed to tell his friends what he had seen.

"You remember the fellow who was hurt?" he began. "Well, I saw him in the hospital. His arm's in a cast and his back's sprained and he's out of a job for the next two months. Jenson made him sign a release to the company before he'd take him to the doctor. The company'll pay the doctor and hospital, all right. But he's broke. Who's going to feed him while he can't work?"

Kelly nodded, seemingly uninterested.

"Sure, the company saves money that way."

"Jenson ought to be killed," Debbie said.

"No, he ain't to blame. Jenson's got a job to keep."

"Well, what can a fellow do?" Debbie cried.

"There's just one thing, kid," Kelly told him. "Hit 'em in the pocketbook."

But Debbie thought these men must be wrong and went on with his work as usual. He now had the best looking team on the job. He had spent his evenings adjusting the harness until everything fitted. Every Sunday afternoon he washed up the collars and collar pads so they would be dry and smooth Monday morning. He saw that his horses had plenty of hay each night, and they responded to good treatment with willing work. Debbie was always close behind his leader, and just a little ahead of the other drivers.

The lumberjacks grumbled at him.

"You crabbing at Jenson," Hoosier said, "and doing more work for him than any other man on the crew. Why you're just working yourself out of a job. Don't you want to draw as many days' pay as you can?"

"Sure I do," Debbie said.

"Well, take it easy. You don't have to keep ahead of every one else. Stretch the work out a little and you draw more pay, the company makes less money and you kinda even up for that poor devil down in the hospital."

Debbie couldn't convince himself that he was wrong, but he watched the work closer and saw that there were a lot of unnecessary delays. The lumberjacks slowed down every

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time Jenson was out of sight. Tools were lost, and one day after a long delay with the shovel shut down, while the engine was being repaired, Jenson accosted Hoosier.

"Who in hell put that tobacco in the gasoline tanks?" he demanded.

Kelly and Bowers walked up.

"Was that the trouble?" Kelly asked.

"You know damn well it was. And I got an idea who did it."

Hoosier stepped directly in front of Jenson as the other two men closed in at his sides.

"You don't think one of us did it, do you?" he asked quietly.

Jenson looked about him uneasily.

"One of these guys?" Hoosier asked again.

"Well, no. Maybe not one of you fellows. But somebody did," Jenson finished weakly.

As he walked hastily away Debbie saw a secret grin pass from man to man.

After this Jenson was watching Debbie all the time. Whenever the boss was around, the boy tried to be just a little ahead of the others so Jenson could find no excuse for riding him, but at the end of his week trouble overtook him.

In the afternoon, just after dinner, the clip to which the tug was hooked on one of the singletrees came off. Jenson was watching him, and when the tug came loose the horses, pulling a heavy load, surged ahead. The neck-yoke slipped off the tongue and the horses tangled in the harness. Debbie was able to quiet them before they broke anything, but Jenson was after him at once. Here was some one to vent his anger on.

"What's the matter here? You're holding up the whole outfit again."

Debbie showed him what had happened.

"Why in hell don't you take care of your outfit? You'd think even a cockeyed farmer'd know enough to fix a thing like that."

"Well I didn't see the rivet had broken off," Debbie explained. "You'd never notice it until the clip came off. Anyway nothing's busted and I'll have it fixed in a minute."

"Sure you'll have it fixed. And the whole damned bunch waiting. I've had enough of this stalling. Get going."

While Debbie hunted out a nail to take the place of the broken rivet and tacked the clip into place, Jenson stood over him cursing, until Debbie was nearly sick with anger. When he finally drove on he was trembling so he could hardly hold the reins. If he had the least idea of where to get another job —

Just before quitting time Jenson came around again.

"Get your pay tonight," he said.

"Pay day?" Debbie asked.

"You're through. Off the job. Get going tonight."

"Why?" Debbie asked, miserably.

"That's the third time you've held up the line. Enough to lose anybody his job."

Debbie drove into camp and unharnessed without speaking to any one. While they were waiting for supper he sat off by himself. He had worked just four weeks, twenty-six working days. That would make him sixty-five dollars. He had drawn two dollars and would have to have about ten more for new shoes and

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overalls. Well, at least he could send home fifty. But what would they think of his losing the job that meant so much? And if he couldn't find another right away, what would become of them? His shoulders sagged and he held his head in his hands.

After supper he pulled off the heavy shirt Hoosier had loaned him and handed it back.

Hoosier looked up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Got fired," Debbie mumbled.

The other two lumberjacks looked up.

"How come?" Kelly asked.

Debbie couldn't talk about it and turned to go to the office for his pay. He walked slowly and before he got there the three friends caught up with him.

He didn't speak to them but stepped into the timekeeper's shack.

"I want my time," he told the man behind the desk. "Debbie Reynolds."

The timekeeper pulled out the book and ran down the list of names. After a few moments' figuring he looked up and asked, "Cash or check?"

"Oh, cash, I guess."

The man counted out some money and said, "Thirty-seven. O.K.?"

"How do you figure it?" Debbie asked. He should be getting more than that. Something was wrong.

The timekeeper shoved out the sheet he had figured on.

"Twenty-six days, ten hours a day, at thirty cents is seventy-eight dollars. Less thirty-nine for board and two dollars drawn leaves thirty-seven. Check?"

"But Jenson said forty cents an hour. You're gyping me out of almost half my pay."

"Sorry, boy," the timekeeper's tone was brusque. "You didn't understand him, I guess. You only get forty cents an hour if you work full thirty days. We can't afford to have you birds quitting after you have just learned the job. It costs too much to break in new men. On your way."

Dazed, Debbie stepped back. Twenty-six dollars gone. Why the family would starve on what was left!

He heard the lumberjacks walk up to the desk. "We're through," they said and drew their pay. Hoosier was last. He had just thirty days in and he reached across the desk and took the timekeeper firmly by the shirt front.

"Don't make any mistake in my pay, Mac," he said.

As they walked back to the bunkhouse Kelly said cheerfully, "Well, we'll paint the town a little tonight."

"No we won't," Hoosier said. "The kid has to send his pay home and I'm going to stake him till we get another job."

Debbie looked at him gratefully, and the lumberjack slapped him on the shoulder.

"There's other jobs," he said.

While the men were rolling their blankets Debbie walked over to the feed racks where his team was tied. After a little he shoved more hay into their section and stood watching them eat. He hated to leave them to the treatment he knew they would get.

He wondered for a moment if it would do any good to ask Jenson if he could have his job back. But he

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knew that wouldn't do any good. He remembered what had happened to the boy who got hurt. Oh, damn Jenson!

An idea formed in his mind. Quickly he crossed the gulch to the empty blacksmith shop and came away with two hands full of a black powder. He crossed back to the gasoline shovel and moved around in the dusk for a few moments, then ran to catch up with the lumberjacks who were starting down the road.

The next morning he woke on a freight car swaying down the tracks, far from the construction camp. Hoosier was looking curiously at the black which still stained his hands.

"What'd you do last night while we were rolling our packs?" he asked.

Debbie looked up and hesitated, then he blurted out, "Dropped a couple of handfuls of emery powder in the crank case of the shovel."

Hoosier looked at him blankly for a moment, then sat back and laughed.

"Just wait until Jenson sees what happens to that engine when he starts up this morning! That's the stuff, kid. Hit the pocketbook."

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Sodom and Tomorrow

By William A. De Witt

Will the new Younger Generation really be good?

A belief that strikes me as curiously at variance with the facts has lately been gaining many converts. It runs somewhat like this: The pace of American life is slowing down. In this present decade, among other things, there will be less of what the 1920–30 older generation still thought of as sin. And the reason is that the hectic post-War period of Prosperity is over; we are entering an era of true normalcy — unlike the Harding one.

The Younger Generation of F. Scott Fitzgerald was set off on its long spree of intoxicating disillusion by a number of such things as the War, hypocrisy of its elders, prosperity and rebellion against Victorian standards. American youth drank gin, necked, was skeptical about God, at times even went the horrid length of extra-marital affairs. Its fathers and mothers at first were appalled, but eventually followed suit in one proportion or another. The dam of American religion, worn thin by three hundred years' accumulation of moral bilge-water, finally broke — even though it had been hastily propped with its final, misconceived achievement: Prohibition. To help us go wild we had automobiles, radios, Freud, tabloids, the movies and female emancipation.

But somehow we failed to enjoy it; it was meaningless, flat, tiresome. At about the time of the stock market crash hem lines suddenly dropped and flappers disappeared. We had had enough of folly. We were going to be good, or better, anyhow, than we had been.

One of the most convincing ways in which we showed our new intention was the development and huge sale of "virgin-novels." They were something near a culmination of the trend beginning in confession magazines and last shown in the *Ex-Wife*, *Ex-Mistress* and *Ex*-everything else series. Aside from their nearer approach to the indecent in subject matter, these books relied on a connotation for the word "virgin" which must have gained a great many admirers in the short period of rising standards. Curiously enough, Mr. James W. Poling has attributed these books, not to an ignorance on the part of publishers of the new moral standard of America, but to a sense of frustration in the outlying districts amounting practically to neurasthenia. He admits that there

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has been plenty of talk about sex all over the country in the past decade but says there has been very little action outside of the cities. If, as Mr. John S. Sumner believes, this addiction to literary thrills is a cumulative process requiring ever stronger diet, the people who think that American writing is going to become more suitable for an 1890 schoolgirl in the next decade are in for many disappointments. And if the non-metropolitan sections of our population have not yet had a chance to taste indiscretion, how are they going to give it up?

TAKE the recrudescence of dirty joke magazines. Our new god, science, has not overlooked printing presses, so the new batch is somewhat better looking than the one which appeared at the beginning of the last decade, but with this and one or two other differences they are the same breed. The first of them began principally as a revolt against the inanities of advertising, and achieved amazing success — much more amazing in its rapidity than that of *True Story*, which Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen cites as an example of the sex revolution of the last decade. It was sold quite openly in enormous numbers, and although newsdealers say that young people were the main buyers, it certainly found its way into many older — and perfectly respectable — people's possession. Probably its attack on advertising was a considerable element in its success, but the fact that its legion of imitators concentrated on more and more questionable jokes would tend to show where editorial opinion stood. And, according to Mr. Henry F. Pringle, the progenitor of the species has lately accepted paid advertising.

How about the press? Mr. Allen gives as explanation of the fantastic Lindbergh worship the weariness of Americans with such sensations as the Leopold-Loeb and the Hall-Mills murder cases, war, disclosures of political graft, and their desire for some antidote to disillusion, some "romance, chivalry and self-dedication." No one can deny that Lindbergh is still enormously popular, but the *New Yorker* has been able to publish a series of derogatory articles concerning his staginess and hesitancy to comply with normal standards of conduct for famous people, without being publicly burned. In certain circles there is a little weariness with Lindbergh, too. And "Daddy" Browning still appears in the most respectable vehicles of information, as well as the tabloids; "Kiki" Roberts undergoes self-whitewashing and sentimentalization of the trade of "friend" to a gangster in the Hearst papers, with what must be appalling effects on the susceptible minds of young female readers. The Actors' Equity waxed indignant over the fact of her expensive vaudeville contract when the queues of indigent performers outside the Palace doors — Mecca of the "profession" — were assuming the proportions of Columbus Circle breadlines; but she appeared and presumably collected her consolation fees for loss of her preposterous former partner, Jack (Legs) Diamond.

There is more international news in the papers today, more economics and politics, but there is still plenty of sensation and of the very sort that

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earned them so much opprobrium in the last decade. At this writing the Hawaiian affair is an unavoidable example. There is something else which I may very well be laughed at for mentioning. Also, it may not be true, but it seems to me at least that since hem lines descended along with the stock market back in 1929 advertisements for ladies' intimate apparel have been marked with evidence of a much closer study of anatomy and less reticence in portraying it. Curves were supposed to come back into style; perhaps the longer and less revealing outer garments necessitated greater attention to boudoir habiliments to prove the fact. If I am right, there must be some sort of effect on male imaginations.

The movies have rarely had the reputation of inspiring our population to the good, the true and the beautiful — outside, perhaps, of the immediate circle of Mr. Will Hays, who did insist on the moral conclusion. Whether they are getting worse or better is difficult to say; it seems to me, however, that there have been signs of increasing frankness within the last few years. These are the large public displays, but there are also movies which circulate privately, some of which are said to have originated in the same places as those Paris picture cards. They are shown, one may presume, in wealthy homes where new thrills are felt to be needed. They are also shown at meetings of business men, where there is needed some kind of stimulus to ambition more effective (in 1932) than a picture of the two-car garage. Rumors float about that large movie companies have offered exceedingly fancy honoraria for the return of negatives and copies of almost unbelievable indiscretions depicted by their less forward-looking stars. Very likely such things existed during the hectic 'Twenties and it is impossible, of course, to estimate whether they are increasing or decreasing, but that they do exist now is no proof that we are growing moral.

Last year the New York State legislature passed a law relieving actors and actresses of culpability for the indecency of plays in which they acted. Few broad-minded people would object to this: the "profession" has been hit perhaps harder than any other group of workers by the depression, and any actor who had to choose between starving and playing an objectionable part could reasonably be forgiven for letting economics outweigh morals. Unfortunately for public morality, however, this law comes near to incapacitating the censor. If a producer is hailed into court he can call upon one of his actors to testify that he "adlibbed" and they both go free. Whether this situation has made the New York stage more shocking, again as in the case of the movies, would be hard to say. Louise Maunsell Field has indicated in these pages her opinion to the contrary, saying that the difficulty of finding material capable of shocking a New York audience has become so great that producers have practically given up the attempt. Still there are a few shows in the current season whose backers do not seem to have lost courage, and there is another form of the dramatic art, as Mr. John S. Sumner very justly pointed out to

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me, which has paid no attention at all to this alleged difficulty. I mean the burlesque. For unmitigated vulgarity you could search a long way before finding something worse than present offerings.

Dancing is another activity which came in for pulpit condemnation in the 'Twenties. From casual observation of more or less upper class social gatherings, hotel ballrooms and the like, it would seem to be innocuous enough — couples walking mildly about in each other's arms, not too often objectionably drunk. But the Committee of Fourteen in New York City has made an investigation of dance halls that yields quite a different picture. In fact its 1931 report admits that describing what goes on in dancehalls would result in too much pornography for them to risk it. These are mainly places which have "hostesses" and allow no other women in their precincts — a good word when you consider the state of municipal government in New York. The appearance is of organized vice linked with political corruption and the inevitable bootlegging interests; dancing itself seems to be the most insignificant purpose involved — and of the highest moral value. Hostesses who believe that their duty is merely to dance are soon disillusioned, or starved. These are the places which should be intended for the use of young people without the means for more expensive entertainment, and they are so used, but not in a manner that could receive the approval of any one with even a vestige of Mauve Decade moral training left in him.

Because Mr. Allen, like Mark Sullivan, makes use of song titles in his treatment of the 'Twenties, it might be as well to mention in passing the kind of vocal entertainment that is to be had in this new regeneration. Euphemism was one of the outstanding characteristics of the Victorian age, and it certainly finds a widespread use in Harlem night clubs, as well as in other New York places, but with what a twist! The purpose of word substitutes is no longer to be as delicate as possible in discussing painful but unavoidable subjects; it is, on the contrary, to make the discussion as graphic as possible while just avoiding the few remaining monosyllabics that are tabu.

Stuart Chase, in his *Men and Machines*, has discussed the possibilities of sports for the American people as a defense against the psychological effects of machine living, with no very great confidence that they would prove successful. What about the effect of their development on morals? The Lynds' judge in *Middletown* called the closed automobile "a house of prostitution on wheels." Although there is little enough motoring done for sport alone in these days, there is motoring to and from sports and it is done (according to Mr. Allen's 1927 statistics) well over three-quarters of the time in closed cars — a very melancholy aspect. Airplaning is supposed to be a growing sport, and with the advent of more and more devices to safeguard careless piloting, should become an object of speculation for mothers who have wondered where their daughters were in the long hours after midnight. Golf and tennis still seem reasonably safe, but horse-

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back-riding, walking, skiing, hitch-hiking, canoeing, yachting, bicycling and many other things that can be done in mixed company have elements of danger — particularly if the participants have any grounding in Freud.

But what must be the hardest thing for the new era people to face is this season's crop of Christmas cards. Chicago had them in 1930, New York in 1931, vulgar pictures with still more vulgar captions. That they did not displace entirely the normal expressions of sentiment may be a fact comparable with the declining sales of Cinderella-motif novels, which still appear in the bookstores beside the "virgin-novels." They must have had a large sale, for in business matters merchants are not usually either humorists or sentimentalists — though it must be said that little enough humor attached to most of the things. There was a strong resemblance to the later smutty magazines and perhaps an element of revolt against the commercialization of Christmas, but no hint at all of a higher spirituality.

One might go farther afield, I suppose, and discover more things of this sort. But they would be no more convincing, in all probability, than the ones already cited, except to people convinced from the beginning that our world is on the way to the devil. Certainly these arguments are subject to criticism on the ground that they are taken almost wholly from New York City, which is said to differ widely from the rest of the country. But it is also said that with the increased speed of communication and mobility of people in this country we are bound to become more homogeneous, and it seems to me unlikely that the nation will look suddenly to Oshkosh or Tallahatchie in this decade for its fashions either in dresses or in morals. If New York is moral, the whole country will be something similar; if New York is immoral, Dubuque is in dire peril.

Also, by quoting too much from Mr. Allen's book I may be giving a wrong impression. He is not definitely among those who believe our young people are going to be good; he merely believes they are going to be different from their brothers and sisters of the last decade. But most of the people who believe that the Younger Generation is going to be different these next ten years do so in the conviction that *any* contrast with the last ten years will be for the better. This is what does not seem true to me.

The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers this year predicted that men's suits would be of highly conservative tint and cut — an unusual prediction, for clothiers have ordinarily tried to set up a demand for glowing colors and fancy fits, with the idea of introducing as much of Dr. Veblen's conspicuous waste theory into men's clothing as has been introduced into women's. And perhaps it means that the male Younger Generation is not going to be sartorially so violent. But does it mean that the Younger Generation is going to be sober enough after Saturday night to go to Sunday School?

There is supposed to be less talk of Sex. The revolters are supposed to have won their battle and (this is not

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so sure) to be tired already of the freedom it has given them. Certainly much of the talk of sex that went on was in too belligerent a key, generally on a hypothetical basis. There *is* a change, but it is in degree only, and toward the specific. The preceptors of morality might find historic justification for uneasiness at this.

It was the vast spiritual upheaval of the World War that broke down the old ethics; every one agrees on this. Is there any force of comparable dimensions that could reverse the process today? If the Victorian system was as artificial as most historians think, it should take something even stronger this time; and all we can produce is a depression and boredom with Flaming Youth, a boredom that has not at all been proven to concern anything more than the trappings of Flaming Youth — the flapper type, balloon trousers, talk about sex. As for the depression, it looks more like an argument in the other direction. When large packs of wolves are howling around the door and the ammunition is gone, your average man will seek consolation in a drink, and if one is handy no statutory or conventional prohibitions will stop him from taking it.

Moreover, one of the few consistently plausible remedies to cure the depression is shorter hours, less work per person. It may eventually be applied and if it is, will all the added leisure be given over to cultural pursuits, or will some of it (as seems to have happened in the past) be given over to pursuits considerably less austere? Perhaps even a lot of it.

It has never been possible to compute with any degree of accuracy the amount of deviation from strict virtue that occurred among young people during that decade of revolution, but it seems perfectly well established that a far greater proportion of them, both boys and girls, discarded their innocence before marriage than of any previous generation in America for a very long time. Persons who argue that their sisters and brothers will be more cautious in the future do so on two main assumptions: that that Lost Generation was sadder for its wisdom, and that this new one will be wiser for both that sadness and that wisdom — neither of which seems to me particularly logical. There must have been plenty of cases of sadness, but what proportion did they bear to the whole number of wisdoms? There have been many ages and races that bore up reasonably well under promiscuity — though I am not arguing its case. Some people are fitted emotionally to practise it and some are not. Those who are not and tried it might have some influence on their younger sisters and brothers, but sometimes their admonitions would have the opposite effect. Those who *are* emotionally fitted and tried it would also have converts. There have to be added into the problem such elements as the ever-increasing knowledge of contraceptive methods and the greater force of Freudian theory (however warped) which comes with longer familiarity, no matter what its merits or the less publicized psychological denials of them. Obviously, not even Stephen Daedalus could solve this problem with algebra.

Still, some things are plain. There will be increasing safety for intelli-

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gent experiment with sex. There will be plenty of malt and spiritous liquors to drink — have I forgotten to comment on the speakeasies which exist in New York almost entirely on the pocket money of those sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds who are supposed to have seen the error of their brothers' and sisters' ways? There will be no less freedom to come and go as youth pleases. There will be no diminution of incitement via the press, the movies, the theatre, fiction and so on. And I doubt very much that verbal facts are going to satisfy young curiosity in a large number of cases.

I am tempted to add one last indication. Although there has been something in the way of a back-to-the-farm movement, America must still be, by majority, an urban nation. And the trend in urban living is toward smaller and smaller apartments — the bedroom moving ever closer to the parlor, if not the front door. If there is truth anywhere in psychology, this should be convincing.

There will be those to say that morality has cycles as definite and unpredictable as business has — that it is wildly unlikely that the boosters for immorality will have unceasingly rising stocks when those other misguided salesmen failed so dismally in 1929. History agrees, much of the time at least. I merely doubt that the bottom has been passed.

Emerson believed in human perfectibility; but he had no faith in laws. If goodness comes only from within, it may be that an attempt to reverse the process is what causes harm. Perhaps there used to be too many laws with the aim of making us good — perhaps there still are. The name of one is quite familiar enough. At any rate, there are fewer social compulsions toward virtue in our time, and ultimately this may work toward good itself. But the arguments are not entirely convincing; too many entanglements exist between social customs and man-made laws.

More likely, this *is* merely a depression in morals, transcendentally comparable with the depression in business. It would, at least, justify the invasion by the pulpit into that much depreciated field of endeavor: economic speculation.

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Note on Race Prejudice

By Gerald W. Johnson

Sermons and soda-water are well enough in their way, but what the South needs is a bank pass-book in every white man's pocket

To say a word in behalf of race prejudice at this stage in the world's history is almost as outlandish a thing as to express a desire for the return of the old-fashioned saloon. All the pundits are agreed that race prejudice is terrible; and even Southerners, who are stuffed with it, and know that they are full of it, mouth hypocritical agreement when it is denounced. On this subject the herd instinct has trampled down logical thinking and common sense; and we all, like Jurgen, do what seems to be expected.

Nevertheless, from the South comes the latest batch of evidence proving the need of revivifying and strengthening the race prejudice of that section. It is all the more impressive for being involuntary, probably unconscious, testimony, as the witnesses, like most of the rest of us, doubtless accept the conventional view that strong race prejudice leads toward disorder, rather than away from it. I refer to the report, made late in 1931, of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching.

This Commission is an off-shoot of the Commission on Inter-Racial Coöperation, a group of majestic Southerners, white and black, who are interested in smoothing things down in Dixie. The Inter-Racial Coöperators were horrified, in 1930, by a sudden upsurge in the number of lynchings, which had dwindled from 255 in 1892 to ten in 1929. Accordingly, they set up the Commission on the Study of Lynching to find out about it.

This commission has approached its study sensibly. It has listed all the alleged lynchings that occurred in 1930, has made a case history of each, and then has endeavored to sort out the factors common to all, or most, of them. It has somewhat blurred its conclusions by including in the list a number of affairs that patently were not lynchings at all, but plain murders, and at least one that perhaps was not even a murder — the case of a man who resisted arrest, barricaded himself in a house and fought off a sheriff's posse for two hours, finally being killed by shots fired into the house. A man killed resisting arrest with his boots on and a gun in his hand is certainly

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not lynched, and probably not murdered.

Still, there were fifteen or sixteen indubitable lynchings in the country last year, of which all but two, staged in Indiana, occurred in the Southern States. The Commission's report on these affairs brings to light little about them that has not long been believed by every one who has paid much attention to lynching; but it performs the highly valuable function of furnishing definite, statistical proof of what had only been suspected.

For example, examination of the locale in each case shows fairly definitely that lynching is not primarily a legal, or social, or moral issue, but an economic problem. Without a single exception, the lynchings of 1930 occurred in communities that either were on the starvation line, or were definitely headed in that direction. Most of them took place in dreadful social and economic backwaters that still dot the South. None occurred in a city of any size, and the only towns that saw them were towns that are definitely on the down-grade economically — towns where the cotton mills have gone bust, the banks have exploded, and the leading merchants have made assignments. Thomasville, Georgia, for instance, is charged with two, although it must be confessed that one of these looks more like a gang outrage than a true lynching. But Thomasville is a logical place to expect such things, for within the last few years its once prosperous tourist trade has dwindled lamentably.

This aspect of the situation is emphasized by the long view. Lynching has been decreasing rapidly since the South has been coming up from the nadir of its economic distress after the Civil War. In the decade 1889–1899 the average number of persons lynched annually was 187.5; in the decade 1900–1909 the number dropped to 92.5; in 1910–1919 it was 61.9; for the next five years it was 46.2; for the five years 1925–1929 it fell to 16.8. It is not without significance that the peak was reached in 1892, when the pinch of depression was already being felt in the South, and 255 persons were lynched; the all-time good record was made just before the myths of the New Economic Era exploded, in 1929, when only ten persons met death in this way.

All the evidence goes to show that Southerners with money in the bank do not lynch. Neither a sermon nor a peace-bond is half as effective in keeping a white man out of mobs as is a pass-book. Back in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, when mob violence was most common, all the retarded, as well as the immediate, *sequelae* of the Civil War were having their full effect. The able and courageous men who had led the Confederacy, and who managed on sheer nerve to hold the South together after her defeat, were dead, and affairs were in the hands of men who had spent their formative years in an atmosphere of despair. In the 'Nineties the South was mangy, flea-bitten, hungry; and in the 'Nineties lynching became its favorite outdoor sport.

In 1901 Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, a messiah whose advent has never been adequately recognized, began his assault on hookworm

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disease; and his harsh gospel of thymol and epsom salts converted the Crackers into fit attendants for the loom and the automatic mule, whereupon cotton mills began to spring up all over the South. The great iron and steel district around Birmingham began to come into its own. The Duke family, the Reynolds family and the Candler family began to flood the country with cigarettes and Coca-Cola. The furniture industry began to focus around High Point, as well as around Grand Rapids. The gaunt towers of hydro-electric transmission lines began to stride across the country for hundreds of miles, and a tide of gold rushed into the South like the bore of the Tsientang River.

Instantly lynching plunged downward, the number of such parties falling from 135 in 1901 to ten in 1929. There seemed to be a possibility that they would become extinct in another five years. But then along came a panic that makes the similar entertainment in 1893 look like child's play; and now the Commission on the Study of Lynching reports twenty-one mob murders in 1930. Even if we discount the dubious cases, it is evident that there was a rise of at least fifty per cent in the number over the figure for 1929.

The relationship of the lynching curve and the economic curve is no longer open to debate. It only supports what has been reported time and again by observers on the scene, namely, that the typical lynching mob is made up of fellows who have not two nickels to rub together, those inexpressibly forlorn outcasts known in the South as the poor white trash. With nothing to do, nowhere to go, no sort of civilized entertainment and no possible way out of the utter drabness of existence, it is not to be wondered at that they decide, even as a Southern poet has said,

> When dull times possess the earth
> I'll burn you to excite the North,
> Mr. Nigger!

Well, now, the race prejudice of the poor white trash at the best of times is but a feeble, feckless thing; never a strong, full-bodied certainty of superiority, such as the aristocrat feels; and under such stresses as the present depression, when the Cracker's vitality is unusually low, the fire of his race prejudice sinks into nothing more than a smouldering hatred. At such times the veils of illusion are torn from his eyes and he sees with ghastly clarity how slight is the advantage he has over the Negro. Under these circumstances, he really has no recourse but violence. If it is a cardinal tenet of your faith that you are better than another man and circumstances suddenly bring home to you the appalling fact that he is practically as good as you are, if not a little better, what can you do but murder the fellow?

The white is the dominant race in this country, therefore a tradition of superiority must attach to it. But as long as this tradition has some foundation in fact it does not lead to violence. A race that is genuinely superior may employ force, yes, but always it resorts to force that is regulated, controlled and directed in orderly fashion. It is only when the alleged superiority begins to be dubious even in the eyes of those who lay claim to it, that anarchic violence breaks out.

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Lynchers are people who are patently distrustful of themselves. This applies to the lynchers of Wyoming, for example, as much as it does to the lynchers of Georgia, or the Eastern Shore of Maryland. That archetype of adolescent mentality, *The Virginian* of Owen Wister, is a beautiful illustration of the point. The Virginian lynched his best friend because he could not trust the courts to punish horse-thieves. That is to say, the Virginian and his neighbors were too feeble-witted to devise a system of administration of justice that would work even tolerably. They knew, vaguely, that they were semi-barbarous and so unable to make the machinery of civilization work; and being full of noble ideals, they naturally, nay, inevitably, turned to murder.

So it is with the Wyoming cowboys' modern successors, the Crackers, Sandlappers, Dirt-eaters, Hill-Billys, Jo-Bunkers and Lint-Heads of the South. The various names all describe a single type — the type supremely well classified in the Negro's phrase, "poor white trash." It is false to deny that these people have ideals. On the contrary, they are stuffed with them. What they lack is exactly what the Virginian lacked, not ideals, but sense.

Much ridicule, especially within the last ten years, has been heaped upon the theory that lynchers are intent upon protecting the white womanhood of the South. The idea that when a group of barbers, farm laborers, pants-pressers and hod-carriers tank up on raw corn liquor and go out and burn a Negro they are acting the part of so many Lancelots sallying out to the rescue of damsels in distress is simply inconceivable to the sophisticates. But as it happens, that is exactly what they are doing. To be sure, the distress of the damsels in question is imaginary; and if it were real, the intervention of mobs would only make it worse. But lynchers act on emotion, not reason. If they were not all steamed up with the notion that they are defending civilization and womanhood, they could not go to such revolting extremes. It takes fanaticism to put a real edge on cruelty. Such a sickening recital as the facts narrated in Walter White's book, *Rope and Faggot*, could never have been written about men who were not actuated by a veritable religious zeal. True sadists, who can operate without first working themselves into a frenzy, are extremely rare degenerates; but almost any man may become a sadist if he is crammed with lofty idealism and deprived of sense.

I carefully avoid saying "deprived of brains," because the Southern poor white trash are far from brainless. On the contrary, they are a breed with many virtues. Their powers of endurance are immense — vastly greater, despite the popular delusion to the contrary, than those of the Negro. Twice, in the Civil War and again in the World War, they have shown that, reasonably well armed and competently led, they make superb soldiers. The Thirtieth Division, that broke the Hindenburg Line, included swarms of them. Indeed, I am convinced that a group of them gathered as children and decently fed, clothed and housed up to adolescence would produce appreciably more first-rate men per thousand than a similar group

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gathered from the slums of any large city.

But it is the actual man, not the potential man, that does the lynching; and the actual man is a white who has lost so much of his race prejudice that his confidence in the superiority of the white is undermined.

A NUMBER of factors have contributed to this, but the most important one is the worst economic system that prevails anywhere west of the Dardanelles and east of Manila. There is, in fact, a distinctly Asiatic flavor in the economy of Dixie. The one-crop agriculture, the time merchant, the crop liens that render a slightly modified serfdom inescapable, and the patriarchal spirit that informs Southern industry, are better suited to the social organization of Turkestan than to that of an occidental democracy.

Tobacco and steel manufactures are perhaps as well organized in the Southern States as they are elsewhere, but both the tobacco factories and the steel mills are at least as important to the Negro as they are to the poor white, for they are industries in which Negro labor has been notably successful. The one industry which is peculiarly the Southern poor white's own, textiles, is hardly better organized than agriculture. One has only to read such a book as Professor C. T. Murchison's *King Cotton Is Sick* to realize that the mere survival of the Southern textile industry, under its present financial and managerial set-up is little short of an economic miracle. Naturally, an industry which ever since 1923 has been on the rocks can not be expected to deal generously, or even justly, with its workers. The Gastonia, Marion and Elizabethton strikes of 1929, with their accompaniment of riots and massacres, brought sharply to the attention of the country the woeful state of cotton mill operatives. Yet the fact remains that the cotton mill worker is distinctly above, not below, the economic level of the generality of the poor white trash.

An inevitable outgrowth of the low economic level of these people is appalling ignorance. The illiteracy rates of the Southern States are notoriously high, but ignorance and illiteracy are by no means synonymous terms. There are many illiterates, especially among the Negroes and the mountain whites, who are shrewd fellows, full of useful knowledge; and there are many of the poor white trash who are able to read and to write their names, but whose minds are emptier of anything worth knowing than is that of an intelligent illiterate. The point is that among the Negroes, certainly up to this generation, and among the whites in certain remote mountain fastnesses, illiteracy does not handicap a man fatally. Where a living depends almost solely on individualistic effort, inability to read and write is by no means an insuperable obstacle.

The more highly organized a society, the more time must a member give to learning its rules; and a member who teeters perpetually on the border-line of starvation can give little time to learning. Whites in the lynching States who have had the minimum schooling required to remove them from the category of illiterates remain, nevertheless,

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almost completely cut off from the main currents of thought of the modern world. The philosophy of trades unionism, for example, is only now beginning slowly to percolate through to them; and they are no more able to conceive of any real solidarity of the proletariat than they are to comprehend Bohr's symbolic-representational concept of electron waves. When all of a man's energies are consumed by the effort to fend off starvation, he is little inclined to waste time pondering abstractions.

Needless to say, such people are the predestined victims of necromancers of every variety. Merchants of the supernatural hold them in dark thralldom to amazing superstitions. The dominant religious faith of the South is singularly like the dominant faith of England in the days of Gladstone, with the difference that in Gladstone's day even the Premier accepted the faith, and there were in the higher reaches intelligent men who were able to guide it in the direction of civilization; whereas in the South when a really intelligent man arises among the churchmen he is pretty sure to find himself in violent conflict with the hierarchy of his own denomination.

There are such men in the South, and they are intelligent and civilized; but none of them is known, even by name, to vast hordes of his co-religionists down among the tenant farmers and cotton-mill hands. There, religion becomes either a whip in the hands of an economic master — consider the comment on the mill village churches in the report of the Commission on the Study of Lynching — or something indistinguishable from the slightly modified voodooism of the Holy Rollers.

This form of religion, it is hardly necessary to say, is no effective deterrent of lynching. It is faithfully represented by the fragrant story told of the affair at Honey Grove, Georgia, where the wife of one minister ran to the house of another and called to the housewife, "Come, I never did see a nigger burned and I mustn't miss this chance." It is no deterrent, because it adds in no way to the worth or dignity of a man's life. On the contrary, its emotional appeal is based upon the assumption that the world is vile and all its righteousness "but as filthy rags."

Educated Southerners know, of course, what a sorry travesty of Christianity is preached by the bellowing dervishes called evangelists who infest the land and by the aid of hell-fire fry a fat living out of its starveling inhabitants. But educated churchmen excuse themselves, saying that these fellows, after all, reach a class of people whom the respectable churchmen can not touch. Anything, even a religion that degrades him, is good enough for the poor white trash.

If the poor white's highest spiritual aspirations result in abject groveling before a deity hard to distinguish from Mumbo-Jumbo, god of the Congo, it is hardly worth while to mention such matters as æsthetic and intellectual ideals in connection with him. He is as completely removed from "the realms of gold" as if he were an inhabitant of the planet Mars. As far as he is concerned, Phidias has never set chisel to marble, Homer and Shakespeare have never spoken, Bach has erected

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no structure of melody, nor Shah Jehan one of stone. All scientists, from Aristotle to Einstein, are not even names to him. Of the art of painting he is, indeed, aware, for he has seen men putting up the Bull Durham and Coca-Cola signs; and dancing he knows through the medium of "hoe-downs" that he has attended, perhaps as a participant. But in general he is completely cut off from the finest achievements of his race.

His skin is white, therefore he belongs to the dominant race. But wherein is his superiority to the Negro? He is an American, therefore he is likely to accept the American tradition that there is only one irrefutable evidence of superiority, to wit, money. As long as he has money in his pocket, he can bolster up his self-respect, and view the world with a tolerantly superior glance. But now that the depression has knocked the economic prop from under him, he has no tangible evidence that he is any better than a nigger. In fact, he is pretty certain that he is no better; and, as that awful conviction is forced upon him, he becomes an extremely ugly customer.

WHAT the South needs, therefore, is more and better race prejudice. The Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching falls into the banality of remarking, "Most apologists for lynching, like the lynchers themselves, seem to assume that the Negro is irredeemably inferior by reason of his race."

Of course they do. So do all other white men, when they are honest with themselves, and for the best of good reasons, namely, the fact that the white man rules the world today, and not by virtue of numbers. He is vastly outnumbered by the brown, yellow and black races, yet in every quarter of the globe he rules over millions of them, and nowhere do they rule over millions of whites. In his combination of strength, cunning and ferocity he is superior to any other race. He is, if you choose to regard it that way, the wickedest man alive, but he dominates.

Well, there is your superiority, and it is not a matter of tenuous hypotheses, but a glaring fact. But each successive white empire, as it struggled to power, has learned by hard experience that strength is wasted when it is applied in other than an orderly, strictly disciplined fashion. Therefore the white man, once his tenure of power is secure, tends to rule in a strictly legal, if not a strictly just, fashion. It is only when his superiority seems something less than overpowering that his innate ferocity boils to the surface.

I am aware that the assertion is often made that some white races appear to be without race prejudice. The French are often cited as shining examples. And this is poppycock. The French are, of all people, the most thoroughly steeped in race prejudice. Their magnificent consciousness of superiority does not stop with the black, or the yellow and brown races. It goes for Huns, Wops, Limeys and Yanks, as well as lesser breeds without the law, although within the white race. It is precisely because their race prejudice is so sublime that they appear to be tolerant. The test is to be applied by following the history of a French campaign in Africa. The fact that,

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after the campaign is over, Frenchmen marry Negro wives signifies nothing. So do Americans, in regions where such a *mésalliance* does not threaten race supremacy. It does not threaten it in French Africa for a very simple reason. That reason is the cold, precise, calculated, but appalling ferocity with which the initial campaign is conducted. Once the French have "pacified" an area there is no more revolt in that area until a new generation has grown up.

The Anglo-Saxons are more squeamish, precisely because their sense of their own superiority, i. e., their race prejudice, is less sublime than is that of the French. As a consequence, the Anglo-Saxons are never quite as blithely sure of their own ability to command the situation, and therefore are more likely to be stampeded into ferocity, and less likely to be tolerant between revolts.

By all means, let us imitate the French, but let us make sure that we are imitating what the French actually do, not what they seem to do. In minor matters the French may seem to be encouraging the black races to dream of power, but they do not for one moment entertain the idea of subjecting Frenchmen to the overlordship of blacks. *Liberté, egalité, fraternité* means, as applied to the Senegalese, for instance, a very minor participation in a French empire ruled from Paris. The French "keep the Negro in his place" exactly as the Alabamans do, that is, by threat of sudden, violent death. The difference is that death for the French African rides on the points of the Foreign Legion's bayonets, and for the Alabama African it rides with a lynching mob. Unquestionably the French method is superior, because French race prejudice is superior.

Obviously, then, the most promising approach to a solution is to raise the race prejudice of the poor white trash to a level somewhat closer to that of the French. But this can not be done as long as he is kept approximately on a level with the Negro, intellectually, morally and economically. As long as he is not perceptibly superior to the Negro, he will be a deadly menace to the Negro; for, after all, he is white, which is to say, he is immeasurably the Negro's superior in ferocity.

Let it not be forgotten that lynching once was almost abolished. That was in 1929, at the end of the greatest period of prosperity the South has known since the Civil War. At that time white men, in general, were perceptibly superior to Negroes, economically, at least.

The most powerful forces working against lynching in the South are not inter-racial commissions composed of learned doctors of both races — although these are valuable sometimes in easing specific situations — but the unromantic, unconsidered Babbitts who are slowly, but surely, erecting an economic structure that will withstand the strain even of a modern depression.

Sermons and soda-water are all well enough, in their way; but the Negro's best assurance of a chance to die in bed, or at least to be hanged by the warden, rather than by the mob, is a pass-book in every white man's pocket. For only when he has money in his pocket is the white man's race prejudice so inflated that he can, with tolerant scorn, leave the Negro criminal to the police.

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Silver—Its Future as Money

By Francis H. Brownell

In January we published Professor Carothers' attack on silver advocates. We now offer our readers a reply and argument in support of bimetallism at no fixed ratio

The general thesis of the article in The North American Review of January last by Professor Neil Carothers, entitled *Silver — a Senate Racket*, is disclosed in the title. Its tone of bitter bias reaches a climax in the concluding sentence: "The Savior of mankind was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver."

It is astonishing that a brain capable of composing forceful English prose of an exceptionally high order of excellence can also seriously propound the fantastic theory that the silver industry, "about as important as the suspender industry," ranking "far below the peanut industry," located in States having "a combined population less than that of Philadelphia,"—"because of representation in the Senate more than ten per cent of the strength of that body,"—"is able to harass a President, dominate Congress and stir up international discord," and has practically controlled and dictated all acts of Congress in regard to the monetary use of silver during the last sixty years.

Some of those States were not admitted to the Union when some of the laws condemned by Professor Carothers were passed, and at all times the representation of the same States in the House of Representatives was and is so small as to be negligible in itself.

None the less, Professor Carothers states in an exaggerated and prejudiced form the opinion as to silver more or less vaguely held by many people.

This school of thought seems wholly oblivious of the fact that during the Nineteenth Century the use of silver as money was undergoing profound changes of worldwide extent and importance as, one by one, the nations restricted or lessened the use of silver as money, a process that continued after the World War. What took place in the United States was but a part of the total movement. It was largely influenced, if not caused, by the reflections and repercussions in our country of events taking place elsewhere.

No one would deny that the silver industry, from selfish motives, has tried to protect itself as much as

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possible in the legislation affecting the use of silver. Mankind at large is usually active where self-interest is involved. But the silver industry was not, and is not, the initiating or controlling factor in the fundamental causes leading to legislation or in the legislation itself. Rather its activity is somewhat akin to the crowing of Chanticleer in Rostand's famous play, in which Chanticleer, noting that his early crowing always preceded the rising sun's, concluded it must be the cause of that event, and utterly failed to realize that it was the approaching daylight which awakened and caused him to crow.

Professor Carothers and his school of thought also fail to distinguish between the noise made by the silver interests and the real underlying causes of the various silver movements.

Gold and silver at some fixed ratio to each other were used by mankind as its monetary system from the dawn of civilization, and proved reasonably satisfactory until the unprecedented rapidity of industrial change in the Nineteenth Century caused many new strains and stresses on a financial machinery geared to slower movement. Gold and silver mine production not only expanded as never before, but the rate of expansion of each varied from and was not in rhythm with the other. The new discoveries of gold in California and Australia produced in the 'Fifties an excess of gold as compared with silver. This condition was shortly reversed and silver production greatly expanded as compared with gold because of the finding of silver bonanzas in Nevada and other Rocky Mountain States in the 'Sixties and 'Seventies.

The economic and financial experience and international diplomacy of that day were overwhelmed by the problems presented. It was assumed that similar wide and rapid changes in production of the two metals would always continue. It was not known then, as we know now, that the next sixty years, aided by the railroad, the steamship, the automobile and the airplane would complete the exploration of the earth and practically bring to an end the era of new discoveries of first magnitude in both metals. Hence, it was concluded that fixed ratio bimetallism was no longer feasible and must be succeeded by monometallism. Gold was chosen by the nations of Europe because its greater value in less bulk had practically made it the medium of international transactions. It so happened that the largest expansion in silver production because of new discoveries occurred at approximately the time of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1. Germany made its indemnity payable in gold, and to make that gold the more certain, both in receipt and value, abandoned the free coinage of silver and in 1875 commenced to sell silver formerly used as money. This action forced the Latin Union and all other European nations likewise to abandon free coinage at a fixed ratio within a few years. Even the United States, although then on a paper basis, passed the famous Act of 1873 officially terminating coinage of silver dollars.

When the United States resumed specie payments in 1879, it was a debtor nation. The rapid expansion

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of its railroad system and its ever-advancing frontier had caused the borrowing of huge sums of money. Many felt and thought that the failure to use any silver in its monetary system would lead to a great appreciation in gold and correspondingly increase the burden, if not actually cause the bankruptcy, of the large debtor class, which was most powerful in the more newly settled sections of the country — the great West especially. The creditor class, on the other hand, feared lest "cheap money" would result in payment of indebtedness in a depreciated currency; hence, the long controversy over silver ending in 1896. The discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1897 and the rapid development of the Rand — greatest gold field ever found — shortly after gave a very large increase in volume of new gold production and ended fears of an appreciation of gold for the time being. Then came the World War, and the United States changed from a debtor to a creditor nation, and its whole economic outlook took on an entirely new phase.

After the World War, a further demonetization of silver took place. Many nations, following the lead of Great Britain, lessened the silver content of their subsidiary silver currency. Many others, like France and Belgium, entirely abandoned the use of silver.

Both classes proceeded to sell the silver formerly used as money on the open market. Even India, whose people hold more silver than any other country, went from its former gold exchange basis to a gold bullion basis, and, in order to maintain its gold reserves back of an issue of paper rupees, announced an intention to sell silver formerly used as money to an extent of possibly 500,000,000 ounces, or about two years' mine production of the world.

Such action caused the price of silver, which had held at over sixty cents per ounce since the War and which had averaged about fifty-five cents an ounce from 1900 to 1914, to fall at first gradually, later more rapidly, until it reached a low of twenty-five cents an ounce; it is now about thirty cents. Such a fall in price was due solely to sale by governments of silver formerly used as money. This is proved by the fact that the consumption of China, the Indian people (as distinguished from the Indian Government) and the arts, and the demand for subsidiary currency by those nations still using silver for that purpose, were in every year more than the current mine production of silver.

The fall in silver price not only greatly disturbed the business of India and China (both of which are now seething with unrest and revolutionary tendencies), but also seriously affected the gold-using nations, because subsidiary currency was thrown into the class of paper issues and made an additional load on the gold reserves of each nation — entirely so where the use of silver had been abandoned, and proportionately so where silver content was lessened and fell in price.

This additional burden thrown upon gold may have been the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Certainly events shortly following have been amazing.

With the exception of France, Switzerland, Holland and the United

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States, there is scarcely a country on earth whose monetary system is at theoretical parity today. Great Britain, Australia, India, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Japan are avowedly off the gold standard. Germany, Canada, Italy and most central European countries, while still theoretically on the gold standard, have their moneys at greater or less discount — that of Canada at this writing being twenty per cent below its parity as measured in United States dollars. Many countries (for example, Canada, Germany, Italy and others) have embargoes on gold, or a heavy tax, or its equivalent, on exportation, and many are controlling their exchanges so as to preserve their gold holdings as much as possible. The moneys of South and Central America present the same picture, except that Mexico has boldly gone to an avowedly silver basis. China is solely on a silver basis.

THE result is a perfectly appalling chaos in the monetary systems of the world. No similar era of entire disorganization, of utter demoralization of exchanges, has ever before existed, even in the days of the War, when at least those nations not actually involved in the War (for example, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, South America, etc.) had their moneys at full parity.

Under such monetary conditions it is impossible for international business to be conducted on any normal basis or to any normal extent. Foreign trade (always assuming that tariffs will permit of any at all) can be carried on freely only on a basis of stable moneys of the trading nations. It is no answer to say that in the present crisis the countries with sufficient gold (France and the United States) are suffering as much as countries off the gold basis. Obviously those two countries can not do business only with each other, and if they seek to do business with other countries, they immediately run into the question of monetary stability. Without normal trade it seems impossible to liquidate the enormous and unprecedented indebtedness — national, municipal and private — now owing between the nations, not to mention that owing by debtors to creditors in the same nation. One of the necessary steps to be taken on the road back to prosperity is to restore to a basis of stability the moneys now so widely fluctuating from day to day.

Can this be done with gold as the sole basis of the world's monetary systems?

Heretofore in the world's financial history there has been a precious metal base of some extent to each money system or no base at all other than the solvency, the financial integrity and the continuity and perpetuity of the government issuing the money. Paper money not backed by a sufficient metal base necessarily rises, falls and fluctuates in value with the varying fortunes and conditions of the nation itself, as well as the changing opinions of successive governments in each nation. Most dangerous of all is the inevitable trend of the force of politics wherever a money system is not restricted by some fixed relation to a precious metal basis. Governments — and democracies are no exception to the rule — generally tend to spend more than their receipts. If

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the monetary system is not tied to a precious metal base, thus being automatically limited in amount, the tendency towards an increase of issue in order to meet the wishes for expenditure becomes irresistible in the long run. The end is a wild inflation and inevitable disaster. A metal base in a money system is like a written constitution in government — a steadying influence which protects against hasty, thoughtless or emotional acts.

Mankind has clung to gold and silver throughout all the ages past because of distrust of the ability of any government to remain long upon a paper monetary basis not supported by a precious metal and to keep the same at par. All history fails to show an example of a government succeeding in such an effort. There have been a few instances of a temporary use of paper alone during and immediately following a war (for example, the United States during and after the Civil War), but always associated with a fixed and announced intent to resume a precious metal base as soon as possible. Even in such cases a heavy loss usually occurs because of the inflation. Thus, after the recent World War the entire gamut was run, from total loss by those holding the paper issues of Germany, Russia, Austria and others to about eighty per cent loss in the case of France and Italy. Great Britain alone, of those driven to paper money issues, attempted to resume at par, and after the most heroic effort was forced to abandon the project, to the great loss of foreign holders of English paper money at the time.

Such recent examples among the most powerful, most highly developed and intelligent nations of the earth have but confirmed mankind in its historic and instinctive, if not intuitive, opinion that no paper money, unless tied to and restricted by a precious metal base, can long deserve and retain the confidence of those who hold or use it.

THE important questions then are: what should be the precious metal base, and in what proportion to the paper issue it supports.

Obviously the latter question is important, for whatever paper money is issued not covered by a precious metal base is, and must be, the mere unsecured promise of the issuing government. Now, the promise of the United States, Great Britain or France is far more valuable than that of Nicaragua, Haiti, Turkey or Russia. Hence, the less dependable the issuing government, the greater should be the precious metal base supporting its paper issue.

The total monetary stock of gold in the world is estimated at about eleven billion dollars. Of this, the United States and France now hold about six billion dollars, something approximating forty dollars per capita of population. (France has more per capita than the United States.) Neither country believes it has an undue or unnecessary amount of gold. Both would regard any material loss with anxiety and alarm. But if two of the strongest, richest and most dependable nations require forty dollars of gold per capita, the less strong, less rich and less dependable should have at least as much. The *World Almanac* estimates the present population of the world

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at two billion persons. If, for conservatism, we reduce the estimate fifteen per cent, plus an additional two hundred million as an ample estimate for the peoples still in the primitive stages of savagery or barbarism and using little or no money, we have one billion and a half as the really commercial population of the world, including India and China. The same average of gold per capita as in the United States and France would require about sixty billion dollars of gold, or roughly five and one-half times the present total supply in the world.

Using our same estimate of one billion and a half of world population in nations of real commercial importance, we have less than seven dollars and a half of gold per capita, even if some way could be found to distribute the world stock of gold among the nations proportionately to population.

Of the total of eleven billion dollars of world monetary gold stock, about five billion is owned outside of France and the United States. If from the one billion and a half of commercial population we subtract that of India and China as silver-using countries, and also that of France and the United States, we would have only about eight dollars per capita of gold for the remaining countries of the world, comprising among them Germany, Italy, Japan and all other countries of Europe and North and South America, except France and the United States. If we include India and China, we would have less than four dollars per capita. (Both these nations must ultimately be included if the world is to be on a gold basis. India has already adopted a gold bullion basis, although at present following the pound sterling to a paper basis. Professor Kemmerer has recommended the gradual adoption of gold by China. That country inclines to adopt his Report, but can not get the necessary gold — if at all — except by slowly absorbing from gold-using countries payments of balances of trade in its favor.)

The mathematical argument that the monetary stock of gold in the world is not adequate is further supported and demonstrated by experience. If gold is insufficient in quantity, it enhances in value as expressed in commodities. The same amount of gold purchases an increasing amount of commodities. This is exactly what has been happening for the last five or six years, beginning as far back, at least, as 1926 — long before the explosive end of the speculative era, which undoubtedly accelerated and increased the rapidity of what was already taking place. Measured in commodity prices, a dollar of gold will now purchase approximately twice what it would seven years ago. Disastrous consequences have followed. The whole industrial, commercial and financial order has been disorganized. The payment of debts and taxes has practically doubled in burden. The farmer who voted for good road or schoolhouse bonds when one bushel of wheat would pay a dollar of tax must now supply two bushels (or more) to pay the same dollar of tax. All debts incurred between about 1917 and 1929, if they are paid now, yield the creditor nearly twice the purchasing power the same amount of money had when originally loaned. The

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debtor must, in effect, pay twice what he borrowed besides the interest.

Can he do it? Is it fair that he do it or suffer bankruptcy if he can not? On the other hand, is it not equally unfair and unjust that the creditor receive less than he gave? Should not our monetary system be at once flexible and stable, so as to permit of considerable change, but always insure to creditor and debtor alike that the one shall receive and the other repay exactly the amount loaned in money of the same purchase-power, plus, of course, the agreed upon interest? Is not such a system possible if silver is used to supplement gold?

Looking backward, we can now see that the recent great appreciation in gold or fall in commodity prices was inevitable if the supply of gold remained constant. The War produced a great inflation in prices. When the inflating process ended, how, on a gold basis, could we help returning to the pre-War level of prices? The mine production of gold had not kept pace with increased population, and normal yearly increase of commercial transactions. The highest level of gold production ever reached was in 1915. The normal increasing rate of world business and world population requires an increase in mine production of gold each year, which has been estimated by the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations at a minimum of two per cent. This estimate calls for an increase of gold production of approximately thirty-four per cent between 1913 and 1930. Instead of any such increase, there has been an actual decrease of approximately ten per cent. In the seven year period 1907 to 1913, gold production totaled 153,207,000 ounces, which is 16,569,000 ounces more than the production for the last seven years, 1924 to 1930, of 136,638,000 ounces.

Looking forward, there is little probability that the gold production of the world can be very materially increased. True, a fall in labor and supplies will make workable ore not previously profitable. But such increase will, on the whole, not more than offset the normal decrease from exhaustion of mines now working. For example, the Rand, which now produces about one-half of the total yearly mine production, has reached its apex and will begin to produce less about 1935. There is little probability of discovery of new gold fields of major importance. Gold is more easily found and has been more eagerly sought than any other metal. Alluvial or placer deposits are especially easily discovered and have now been practically exhausted. Vein mines may still be found, but the mining engineer who knows of the intense search of the last thirty years, and especially since the airplane and hydroplane have made hitherto remote places relatively easy of access, as in Canada, Africa and New Guinea, entertains but little hope of discoveries of a magnitude approaching the California, Australia and Klondike finds, not to include the Rand, which ranks by itself. Failing one of these, the production of gold will greatly lessen in the next ten years, unless saved by a further drastic fall in cost of labor and supplies.

We reach, then, the conclusion that gold for some years has been, is now, and will continue to be, insufficient in quantity to afford

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alone an adequate basis for the world's money systems. It must be aided and supplemented in the future by its old ally — silver. The world went too far in so completely discarding the latter. It has found itself unable to have a stable monetary system without it. It must now retrace its steps, learning from the experience of the past and modifying the restoration of silver with that experience in view.

For nearly two generations the economists and financiers have taught that fixed ratio bimetallism is impracticable — that always one metal will be changing in volume, and hence in value, as compared with the other; the cheaper for the time being displacing the dearer and becoming the sole medium of payment of debts, to the injury of the creditor.

Fixed ratio bimetallism raises at once the question of ratio, and obviously this raises the great debatable question of amount of inflation desired. Let us take an example: Suppose the ratio of 20 to 1 is adopted. The present world production of silver is normally about 250,000,000 ounces, equivalent at 20 to 1 to 12,500,000 ounces of gold. Gold production is now about 20,000,000 ounces per annum. The effect, then, would be the same as if gold production were increased sixty-two and a half per cent per annum.

It is estimated that the world has produced 15,000,000,000 ounces of silver since 1492. Much of this is doubtless lost and much is in India and China and would probably remain there. But, under free coinage, a large amount would be offered the mints. If eleven billion ounces, this would, at 20 to 1, in effect, at once double the amount of monetary gold in the world. Doubling offhand, and increasing the amount of annual production of gold thereafter by sixty-two and a half per cent, would cause a very great inflation of prices — far more than is desirable. Of course, no one could tell, in advance, how much of present stock would be offered, but the possibilities are very great.

But fixed ratio bimetallism is not the only way of restoring the necessary silver to the monetary systems of those nations that have abandoned it or lessened its use.

In returning to the use of silver without going too far at once, it would seem wise first to retrace the steps of demonetization last taken, and to resume the pre-War use of silver — all nations ceasing the further sale of silver and returning to its use, as from 1900 to the War. This action would relieve gold reserves of the burden of subsidiary coinage and would tend rapidly to revive the pre-War status with silver-using countries, especially China and Mexico, making trade with those countries more stable and increasing the possibilities of business.

But a still further use of silver seems necessary in order to raise the present low level of commodity prices. Instead of going to a fixed ratio bimetallism, some form of the many suggestions for partial use of silver with gold might be adopted. In general, these provide that a given unit of paper money, say each thousand dollars, should be supported by precious metal, to some specified extent, say, from forty to sixty per cent. Of this metal, two-thirds or three-fourths should be

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gold, always of the same value ($20.67 per ounce). The remaining one-third or one-fourth might optionally be silver — not on a fixed ratio of value to gold, but at its market value averaged over a period of, say, the last six months. For example, suppose each $1,000 of paper money is to be backed by fifty per cent in metals, of which three-fourths is gold and the other one-fourth optionally silver at market value. Each $1,000 of paper would then need a gold backing of three-fourths of fifty per cent of $1,000, or $375. The remaining $125 might be in silver. If the price of the latter is twenty-five cents per ounce, 500 ounces of silver would be required. But if the price of silver were fifty cents per ounce, only 250 ounces would be necessary.

Some such plan (several variations have been suggested) avoids the principal objections to fixed ratio bimetallism:

(1) That of too great and too sudden an inflation because of too great an expansion in the metal base. This is controlled by the proportion of silver fixed in the original limitation. For example, one-fifth silver value in the base of all money systems would be the equivalent of an increase in present gold stocks of twenty-five per cent, one-fourth silver value an increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent, and so on.

(2) Variations in price of silver due to mine production would be immaterial, since, if the price fell because of increase in mine production, a greater volume of silver would be necessary, and vice versa.

(3) When and if gold production increased, the use of silver could be lessened.

(4) Great flexibility would follow, tending to keep the purchasing power of money more stable, to the great benefit of both creditor and debtor, as against a system where purchasing power now rises and then falls.

(5) The plan in no way weakens the gold standard. Debts made specifically payable in gold would still be so payable, and all other benefits of a gold standard would still remain unimpaired. The new money, however, should be legal tender for all taxes and payment of all debts not made specifically payable in gold.

Plans of this nature can be adopted by any one nation. Combined action of the British Empire and the United States would probably be followed shortly by most commercial and industrial nations — quite certainly if also joined by France, Germany, Italy and Japan.

If silver is not used, how is the world to stabilize its money systems? How is it to pay its debts and taxes on the present level of commodity prices? How is the present level of commodity prices to increase above the pre-War level (substantially the present level, as a whole) with gold increasing in value? Substantial increase of commodity prices seems necessary to meet debts and taxes. Is it not better to trust to a moderate use of silver (a metal used successfully as money for thousands of years, and still mainly used by nearly one-half of the world's commercial peoples) than to embark on a sea of "managed currencies," which is but a new phrase for printing press money? Ultimately, the world must choose between paper and silver.

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Should Dramatic Critics Be?

By Montrose J. Moses

Once again the hoary argument has flared up. Here is support for the bludgeoned reviewers

Actors, managers and dramatists will never love dramatic critics. There will always be discord betwixt them. The theatre will always blow hot and cold to the pronouncement of critical opinion. If the critic writes a favorable review, it's "Oh, wise young judge; oh, estimable young man!" If he writes an unfavorable review, it's "Anathema!" Who is the critic, anyway? "I'm a trained observer," he says. "You're a detriment to my investment," says the manager. "You're a menace to my reputation!" cries the actor. "You're a parasite feeding upon my creation!" suggests the dramatist. They would all like to see the critic thrown out of the theatre. "Where does he come into the scheme of the theatre, anyway?" is the usual professional challenge. He's a hanger-on!

The Actors' Equity has sanctioned an editorial in its official organ for December, 1931, which attempts to put the critic in his place. The Association, through a writer, speaks for the actor who takes a look at the critic. The substance of this wail is that, could the public trust the manager's word about a play, there would be no need for critics; that, could the public rely on the infallibility of a cast of actors in a play, there would be no need for critics; that could the public in advance look over the dramatist's script as a prospective purchaser of an automobile picks out the car finally that satisfies him, there would be no need for critics. But, since the theatre is not organized in this naïve fashion, then critics *are;* that is where they enter "the theatrical scheme."

It's a badly built editorial, this which the Actors' Equity sanctions, at bottom a defense of the thin skin of the actor. It's an ill assembled assortment of just grievance against the wise-cracking and clowning of a few critics, and a false statement of the critic's necessary position in the realm of creative art. "The manager makes the critic necessary!" says *Equity*. Now, what do you get from that? Nothing more than that if the manager would turn dramatic critic, or the press-agent turn dramatic critic, there would be no need for critics. In that way the theatre would be rid of the pests. But the manager is an *entrepreneur* and there is only one direction in which he

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wants to guide the public: toward his box-office. Since this is so, the Actors' Equity sees the dramatic reviewer merely as an accessory of the manager. They regard him merely as a vainglorious exploiter of himself, picking on the flesh of other arts. They picture him shooting darts of wit with malice aforethought. He is not, in their eyes, a legitimate appraiser of art. He is an entertainer at the expense of the dramatist and player; he wins a clientele of readers by reason of his willingness to dance clownishly at the expense of anyone and anything. Morning after morning he makes puns which he passes for criticism. Turn the rascals out, advises *Equity*, putting a shielding arm about the lacerated body of the actor. Then, to safeguard the actor's attitude from seeming unreasonable, they add that there are some critics who may be taken seriously.

If *Equity* only knew the true condition of affairs! Have they ever read William Hazlitt, who believed that the theatre wasn't half as necessary to the critic as the critic was to the theatre? Boil it down to brutal frankness, the dramatic critic is drained in spirit by the constant worthless theatregoing he has to do in a season in order that he may discover the small residue of worth while material offered the public. If that worth while material could be sensed and shown at the very first, he wouldn't have to go to the theatre more than twenty-five times, to be very generous as to the results. His wasted evenings could be very much better spent. He then could live in the country, put his feet on the grate of the open fire, and write about that fine art of the theatre which the average manager knows nothing about; write of the audiences regarded by the manager as merely purchasers of seats; write about theatre taste, of which there is much to say; do reading which would make him much broader in view than the average dramatist makes him; write about the actor who does clever and sometimes brilliant work under conditions which will keep the work a piecemeal affair with small hope for full development.

THE true solution to the problem of criticism is, not where does the critic come into the scheme of the theatre, but rather, where does the manager, with his wares, come into the scheme of criticism? As for the actor, we know that whatever immortality he may hope to have professionally rests in the written word. "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone!" The ideal condition would be to have the manager plead with the critic to come to his show; give the critic just and clear brief why he should take the time to see his show; impress upon the critic what claim the production has on his attention as entertainment; justify to the critic the actors he has selected; point out to the critic why he accepted the dramatist's play, what excellences it possesses, why he was prompted to tie up so much hard cash in the venture. The sum total of the plea would determine whether the critic should come to his show or send a reporter to cover it in a perfunctory way as news. Instead, the critic wears himself out, in the main, on shows that are not worth the space given them in the press.

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But, since this can not be, we have the reviewer of plays, created through the necessities of modern journalism, rushing around in a welter of first nights, with no time for contemplation, with a mad rush for the office after the final curtain drops — often before it drops to catch the first issue — in a wild competitive system of news gathering, where he dare not be later than his brother critics, since he must render immediate service to the newspaper reader. In the face of this system — to judge by the recent critics of New York — it is surprising the unanimity of agreement one has on current plays, good and bad. They are not snap judgments, though written quickly; they are not personal preferences or animosities; they are not — as a usual thing — flip asides such as flavor the columnist's corner — but straightforward opinion, written with certain grace, certain enthusiasm, and with certain shifting of vision according to the species. Thus far this season, it has been generous praise for the actor and the playwright. Certainly Eugene O'Neill has no cause for complaint with the reception of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, nor has Philip Barry with the notices of *The Animal Kingdom*, nor has Elmer Rice with the welcome given his *The Left Bank* and *Counsellor-at-Law*. Certainly neither Philip Merivale, nor Katharine Cornell, nor Leslie Howard, nor Helen Hayes has any cause for complaint that the critics have facetiously set about menacing their reputations! But it would appear that there must be an unconditional surrender of the critic in all things. Praise or nothing, praise and the rest is silence! On the whole I believe current play reviewing steers skilfully between the untenable positions of Sir Oracle and Sir Jester.

In journalism there is small place for the æsthetics of drama. Close upon the heels of critical opinion crowds the insistent necessity for dramatic news. Not that news matters so very much in the measurement of art, but it does — to be practical — help greatly to reinforce the manager's advertising. Surely the editor must harken to the advertiser! In days gone by I have known of editors who dismissed the critic because he aroused by his review of a play the animosity of the manager. Today he stands more whole-heartedly behind his reviewer. The editor sees that the public knows more about the theatre than it used to know; it welcomes a sounder content to the theatre column. This same public can not be so easily duped by the clever spreads of the press agents that used to fill the Sunday papers. Theatrical publicity has improved just as advertising has become more professional. There is less arrant hokum in our theatre pages than there was in the 'Nineties. The theatre policy of the 'Nineties is the movie policy of today.

None the less, the dramatic critic is not selected for his erudition. He is chosen to advise the average theatregoer sanely how to spend his four dollars to the best advantage. Surely you can not complain of the lack of catholicity in taste of critics who will welcome *Of Thee I Sing* — the Kaufman-Gershwin success—and the delicate *Animal Kingdom* of Philip Barry almost in the same breath. The critic must take each offering in itself and judge it on its own merits.

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The critic — as journalism is constituted — can not pick and choose, unless there be two or three openings the same evening; he must meet each night as it comes. Under such conditions, the man with literary feelings plays the game of play reviewing honestly for what it is worth, and waits for other days when he may give more careful consideration to the theatre as a social institution and to drama as an expression of ideas. Often, in his Sunday summary of the week's net gain in the theatre, he shows some of this better fervor. But it is difficult for any man with feeling for style, with sensitiveness to beauty, with æsthetic passion for the theatre arts, to find sufficient material in the average theatre season upon which to call into play his critical faith. The critics more often than not have to say something about which it were better to say nothing at all. How often is the entire fire department called out, where a fire extinguisher is all that is necessary! But there is no doubt that the sin of play reviewing is to be found in the mad accumulation of plays to be reviewed. This has been the case for many years. James Metcalfe, the past dread critical voice of *Life*, once said: "The high pressure life of the newspaper reader calls for a newspaper made under high pressure and for today. In this process there is little opportunity for the display of scholarship, leisurely thinking and carefully evolved judgments which gave their fame to critics of an earlier period."

This is one of the reasons for the *coloratura* writing in our theatre columns. It is agreeable and entertaining when it comes with the refreshing boyishness of Heywood Broun; it is devilishly clever and repetitive when it runs the satiric gamut of George Jean Nathan's glib nature. But if the managers made as palpably sure shots in their judgments in a season as the dramatic critics, then we would have more successes and better plays!

Equity talks about theatre writers rising in public favor at the expense of the actors. What of the days of George Henry Lewes, when critics showed out and out favoritism, when they were partisans and played theatre politics? Audiences also were then more a part of the active life of the theatre; they showed their prejudices at the slightest provocation and were easily led by the printed word to riot. Today, audiences are alarmingly non-partisan, rigorously cold, almost without loyalty. They have no means left — in the theatre scheme of things — to create standards. They are living in an age of theatrical exploitation when a play is squeezed dry of its money-drawing power and then relegated to the bookshelf, or utterly transformed by the movie tone. The audience today sees things as they come and forgets them as they go. Under these conditions, it is surprising how much fervor and faith in the good thing, the right thing, the critic shows.

If the truth must be told, therefore, I should say frankly that the manager, the actor, the dramatist have never been so intelligently handled in the press as they are today. I am of course speaking from a metropolitan angle. Neither the manager nor the actor nor the dramatist cares a hoot what the reviewer of Oshkosh says, though

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often the comment of Oshkosh is sound. These gentlemen of the theatre await eagerly what the gentlemen of the press in New York are going to say. I have never known the time when the dramatic critic has read his literature of the theatre more thoroughly and used it more intelligently and unobtrusively than now. He may fall into conventional phrases, but this is largely because, as a rule, the public thinks in general phrases.

So busy has the critic been that he has left largely unanswered the charge made again and again and now repeated by *Equity* that dramatic criticism is a parasitic practice. It is a flip charge, unregardful of the fact that the critic must create within himself a perspective that will put the theatre clearly through the paces of its development so that the drama will appear to him in its true relationship with changing social condition and shifting moral conventions. For, just as truly as he sees this, will the critic be able the more potently to see the relation which exists between the contemporary theatre and the forces — social and scientific — molding it. If the critic realizes a thing of beauty that has been handed down, not as tradition merely, but through the sheer power of its undying vitality; if he relishes the idea of being an adventurer among masterpieces, he will the more truly have an aptitude for discovering the authentic note in the drama of his own day. Having been trained to see tendencies, to analyze public reactions to moral and social conventions, he is the better equipped to determine how far the contemporary dramatist is fulfilling his functions as a thinking being. The public easily takes fright at the appearance of change; the critic is the steadying balance for the public opinion toward manager, actor and dramatist. Many movements in the theatre have faded out because there has been no authentic voice to sound their hopes and purposes. The New Theatre venture partly failed — I feel sure — because it did not have a Lessing and a *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*. The Theatre Guild has been helped, not alone by the astute policy of its Directors, but by an intelligent critical approach from the press.

Not for an instant must *Equity* believe that the dramatic critic's life is a sinecure. In fact, the critic is so busy that he has left unargued this parasitic charge. He might grant that he has the theatre and all the elements in the theatre to work upon. But he will insist that he brings forth a new product. He preys upon the life of the theatre no more tenaciously than the novelist or the dramatist preys upon life itself. And the form that criticism takes — at its best — is just as definitely original as the form of the novel, the poem and the piece of sculpture. In this respect, dramatic criticism, or criticism generally, may be regarded and should be regarded as a creative art. Will one deny this to Matthew Arnold?

In the popular mind, criticism is really a matter of your opinion and mine, and I am the guilty person until I prove myself adequate: in other words, until I come into agreement with you. The actor says: "How can a critic know about acting,

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when he doesn't act?" The dramatist declares: "He can know nothing about play-writing, for if he did he wouldn't be a critic; he would write plays." There is a slogan that the critic is a dramatist who has failed. But whereas the actor's business is to act to the full bent of his powers, mimetic and mental; and whereas the dramatist must write plays that are actable according to the theatre conventions of his day, that are interesting, tell a consistent story and develop character — none the less, the dramatist and the actor have nothing to do with the fundamental principles distinguishing the critic's craft — weighing the evidence, adjusting the balances, discussing the proportionate means and their proportionate effects.

The dramatist says: "I have done it — written a play on a certain theme, with certain characters. Here it is." The critic says: "You have done it to the best of your ability; have you done it to the full bent of your theme? Have you been true to your characters?" The actor says: "Here is my characterization." The critic says: "Is it a full character you give or a compound of clever characteristics and mannerisms? Is it done with any surety of technique which you can carry forward into a new part? Is your coin original or imitative, is it gold or brass?" The dramatist gives no thought, and shouldn't, to those currents of an age which shape him in the image of his age. The dramatist knows little and cares less about those categories into which the critic places him. But does this indifference on his part, this irritation, destroy the validity of the categories? The dramatist uses a symbol when he finds it necessary; he treats a theme realistically, when he thinks the subject matter demands it; he is impressionistic when he determines that it is useful for the effect he wants. But he is no analyzer of himself. He would attempt to throw out the critic who entered his study and cried "Halt" to a false step or a false conclusion.

So, an entire world of vital viewpoint is left to the critic. And the irony is that the actor and the dramatist eventually appear in that viewpoint only in proportion to how vital they are. Shall we leave that viewpoint alone because of the sensitiveness of the actor and the dramatist? They damn the dramatic critic, but at the same time they are angry if they do not fill a place in the mental picture the critic has of the season's work. It is bravado on the part of the actor and the dramatist that creates a rift between them and the critic. "I never read reviews," exclaims the playwright testily. But recently I visited the author of successful shows and his desk, his chiffonnier, the chairs in his room were covered with clippings from a press bureau. "I never read reviews," says the actor. But I notice that after an unfavorable comment he and his wife, if there is one, give the critic an icy stare.

Yet, my observation tells me that the gentlemen of the press who go to the theatre often bend backward in their zealousness to say encouraging things of a show that is given with serious intent or with amusing claims. This season S. N. Behrman and Benn W. Levy might well be pleased with the generous attitude of the critics. Why, the present theatre

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doesn't know what criticism is at the full bent of its relentless power. They don't want it, even if it *is* fair. I have seen the self-deception that goes on at the rehearsal of a play; the cross purposes between actor and dramatist, the fight between actor and director. I have seen all of them in their frantic effort to get around glaring faults that were right before their eyes. A production is got ready amidst an atmosphere of emotional blindness. Then the play is thrown to the critics in the arena and they are expected to be just as emotional. They are sworn at if they pass sincere unfavorable judgment. For what all three are wanting is praise.

Of course there are exceptions to this picture, just as *Equity* says there are exceptions to the critical birds of prey. Plays *are* rewritten after tryouts; plays *are* sometimes entirely abandoned rather than risk the critical fire of Broadway; actors *are* suddenly taken from a cast because of their unfitness. But this is behind doors. What *Equity* complains of is that each appearance of an actor *before* a critic jeopardizes the position of the actor. If he can fall before a wisecrack, the poorer actor he.

Equity strikes another true note which may be acknowledged. The manager *does* tempt some critics to a self-conscious creation of the flashy line. So do the readers of the newspaper who find him "so entertaining." If he is entertaining, they read him again; if he is entertaining three times in succession, he becomes a fad and is asked to write for the smart magazines, and to give lectures on his experiences behind the scenes. These are called his by-products, as the moving picture rights are a by-product of the novelist and dramatist, and Hollywood the very tempting by-product of the actor who is so sensitive to criticism of his art! But flashy lines are mere incidents in criticism, though they are the meat of billboard and newspaper advertising.

What really matters in dramatic criticism is whether the critic stands firmly and knowingly for the whole thing he says. *Equity* never wrote a truer thing than that criticism is no better than the man who writes it. Yet in the same breath, *Equity* condemns the entrance of the critic's personality into the matter. The very fact that there is a personality to reckon with is evidence that there is a creative principle to criticism. For art is not an impersonal matter; it is bound up with the emotional, the intellectual and the spiritual background of the artist. When I speak of the unusual amount of unanimity of critical opinion in our press, I do not mean that critics do not differ. The very safeguard of the actor and dramatist is the chance for diversity of opinion. This was clear the morning after the production of Sophocles' *Electra*, which was produced because of public curiosity to look upon its picture and O'Neill's New England version of it in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. When the critics suggested that there was an absence of classic proportion to the production, I heard some one exclaim, "Ha, what do they know of classic proportion? They never saw the play given by the Greeks."

We now are in a state of mind where we do not wish to have cleared up this misunderstanding of the critic's function in the theatre, or his

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function in any other of the fields where he exercises his prerogative to pass judgment. Book reviewing is as badly muddled. Book reviewing has been as weak at times as groups of critics have. In both fields there has been undoubted log-rolling, undoubted favoritism. Books are boosted that should never have been boosted except for sweet friendship's sake. Plays have been foisted into favor around a luncheon table, actors eliminated that never should have been. But in the long run, dramatic criticism is exercised in the interest of public service. Managers know that a review can either mortally wound or else make a show. The broadside of favorable comment on *Mourning Becomes Electra* or *The Animal Kingdom* or *Of Thee I Sing* helped spread the news very quickly. Press comment is the stamina of the box-office. The healthy line in a review is a valuable slogan. It is fair for the manager to exploit it. Just as fair as that the critic should come into his theatre and have his critical fling at the show. But to the credit of most of the critics, the line is not all; they do not even impress the typesetter with the necessity of putting the line in bold face type.

Yet, even if they did, it would be no more reprehensible than the actor's attitude when he marks on his script of the play, "Here's where I get a laugh," "Here's where I must bring tears." The actor's business is to entertain his public. The critic's business is not to bore his reader.

Could the critic be given a chance to read a play before it was produced, and could he call around and give warning to the manager that "this is a rotten show," he'd get for his pains the answer, "Who's producing this play anyway?" But when he goes to see it on its opening night, if he writes truly of its worthlessness, he is reviled. If the critic could put his hand on the shoulder of the actor and say, "You haven't half touched that part," the answer would be, "Go do it better." If the critic should go frankly to the dramatist and say, "You have a magnificent idea here, but you just don't get it across," the retort would be, "You don't know what you are talking about," and then the dramatist would talk it over with his manager and a play doctor would be called in.

No, you can't take from the argument the undoubted fact that dramatic criticism is a good corrective, a subtle deterrent, a healthy menace to the theatre. Without it, the theatre would be what the streets would be without traffic signals. Now I grant, as a lover of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt, that I would like to see in theatre reviewing more attention paid to the human picture of theatre-going, more subtlety paid to portraiture, more time given to the pure æsthetics of theatre arts. But we don't see particular actors often enough to æstheticize about them; their range of work is not wide enough or vivid enough for us to do more than take them at the play's immediate worth. The dramatic critic is off a play as soon as he's on it. He fills a rapid fire job. In the history of the drama, criticism has always prepared the way for great periods of dramatic writing. But the dramatic review of today, if it departs from its journalistic restrictions, becomes other than it avowedly is, a guide to a transitory

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season, with the privilege at times of pointing out or suggesting the ways by which the critic reaches his judgments and conclusions.

So, the subject will always be at an *impasse*. The critic will always have to be aloof, and the relations between himself and the theatre will always blow hot and cold. If he cites tradition, he will be called academic; when it is necessary to call upon tradition, if he doesn't he will be dubbed ignorant. The actor will always shout, "Why do you compare me to a dead actor?" — while death afar off laughs at the irony. If you would know what the power of criticism has been in our contemporary theatre, know that Ibsen won his way in the wake of critical championing, that the renaissance of the English stage was brought about by the critic, Jones, shouting a certain battle cry of freedom, that our own recent revolution which changed our old theatre of old stage design, of old stage production, of old methods of acting, was brought about by critical opinion. Maybe the question, "Why dramatic critics?" is after all not worth while answering. Maybe the irritation of actor, manager and playwright is good for all of them. Maybe that is the way eventually of getting good actors, managers and playwrights. And you can't take away the vital matter: that the measurement of the people's amusement for their enlightenment, pleasure and ultimate good is a rather important function in the theatre. Even though some might account it an evil, it is a necessary evil!

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Nothing But Airplanes?

By Ralph C. Parker
Commander, United States Navy

Who seriously questions A. G. West's inference of a few months ago that navies and fortifications are entirely superfluous for national defense

A recent article in The North American Review, entitled *The Anti-Aircraft Fable*, by A. G. West, raises points which should concern all citizens who are interested in national defense, as well as military and naval men. The main thesis is that protection against air-attack by gun-fire, either from the ground or from ships, is wholly ineffective; and that the money and effort allocated to this form of defense had much better be expended on additional fast fighting planes which can meet air-attack in its own element.

It seems a pity that in supporting his opinions Mr. West should have interlarded his many sound arguments with others which are either based on incorrect assumptions or else are foreign to the whole issue.

The statement that history nowhere records that either fortifications or fleets have guaranteed protection can not pass unchallenged. A fort without men means nothing, but it can and does multiply the effectiveness of its comparatively small garrison, so as to make it equivalent in defensive power to a field force many times larger. Hence it is logical military economics to use fortifications wherever protection is certain to be required, instead of leaving such a point unprotected, or tying up for its defense a large field force which might be much better employed elsewhere. There is no possible use of erecting them anywhere but at points where their presence will frustrate the enemy, unless he first overcomes them; and if the odds against them are too great they will be captured or destroyed, as is equally true of armies, navies, and air forces. But nevertheless, from the siege of Rome's capital by the Gauls to the German drive on Verdun, history fairly bristles with instances where a stronghold, successfully defended, has saved its people and its country.

And the statement is even more inaccurate in so far as it concerns fleets. Setting aside all the numerous other examples, Britain has for two hundred years been the unacknowl-

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edged but virtual leader, almost policeman, of international affairs, with one of the world's smallest armies. Conquerors like Napoleon and Ludendorf have gnashed their teeth impotently in turn at the thought of what they would do with but a few hours' control of the seas in which to land and deploy an army on the Sussex coast. British forces have landed almost at will in North America, Flanders, Spain, France, Asia and South Africa. And to deny that the power of their fleet made all this possible leaves no explanation other than a Kiplingesque theory that it was done through Divine Aid and Favoritism.

Nothing in the lessons of the World War tended to diminish the importance of sea-power by one iota, though the submarine caused decided alterations in our conception of how sea power was to be constituted and maintained. Now without enmeshing our discussion in the intricacies of strategy, the facts are as follows: Control of the sea means the ability of a nation at war to secure what it needs from abroad, to sell its own products in return, to transport troops, supplies and munitions by water for the prosecution of the war, and to prevent its enemy from doing any of them. This is exactly what the Allies did in the World War and what the Central Powers failed to do, though it is universally recognized that a reversal of sea-power would have reversed the outcome of the War. The effort of the American and British armies in France weighed in terms of men, material, money and lives lost was of course much greater than that of their navies at sea; but the fact remains that without those navies, the armies would never have reached France or have continued to eat and shoot after they got there.

The early German submarine successes did unquestionably catch the British napping, but fortunately for the Allies these early successes against combatant ships were more spectacular than decisive. And when the gallant Von Weddigen of the U–9 startled the world by sinking the cruisers *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir* in such rapid succession, he little realized that he had perhaps rendered the Allies a service by thus early affording a lesson severe enough to be taken to heart, but not severe enough to shake the supremacy of British sea-power.

It is true that thereafter the Grand Fleet kept largely behind the mines and submarine nets of Scapa Flow, except to make occasional fast sweeps through the North Sea, to chase back the Germans whenever the latter ventured from their bases, and to prevent any breaking of the cruiser blockade and the anti-submarine campaign. It is true that the battleships of both sides never came into contact but once and then very indecisively. But it is also true that had the preponderance of the Allies in battleships never existed, or had it been lost by some catastrophe at any time during the War, Paris and London would now be lucky if they were merely paying reparations to Berlin, and not learning the goose-step under Prussian drill-sergeants.

The submarines continued to take a heavy toll of merchant shipping until a tardy realization of the menace forced the introduction of the depth-charge, the convoy system, and other defensive measures, which

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turned the curve of submarine losses upward and that of their successes downward. But for all these successes the Central Powers continued to pinch and starve while French and British ports could scarcely handle the wealth of men and products poured into them by all the argosies of the world.

Only their inferiority in capital ships kept the powerful German and Austrian fleets from coming forth to demolish at a blow this huge structure of sea communications on which the whole Allied cause rested. And it is unreasonable to proclaim the battleship ineffective because our superiority therein achieved success by its mere existence instead of by having a chance to fight the enemy. As well blame the policeman on your beat because he has never shot a burglar escaping with your silverware, when his mere presence has kept your house from ever being broken into!

THE foregoing may digress somewhat from the immediate subject of air-power. But since much of the quite reasonable propaganda in favor of air-power is accompanied by wholly unreasonable attacks on other arms, it is only fair that a voice be occasionally raised to contradict arguments founded on a perversion of the historic truth. The status of the plane in future warfare has unfortunately become a subject evoking more controversy than considered judgment; and few of the partisans on either side recognize it as a question of relation rather than choice between this new arm and all others. Now it were blindness not to admit the tremendous importance of the air arm, but such an admission by no means carries with it the corollary that all other arms can be dispensed with, or that all anti-aircraft defense other than by planes themselves is useless and wasteful.

There are a few fables about air-power itself which need a gentle touch of the scalpel. An effective air-force can not be built and maintained at any such moderate cost as has been popularly imagined. For every plane actually in the air there is required a supporting establishment of men, material, ships, shops, hangars and machinery considerably larger in proportion than that which other weapons require, because the plane itself is the least self-sustaining of all weapons.

As an example of this overhead, take the air force of the United States Navy, which we have reason to believe is equal in efficiency if not in size to any aviation body in the world. Number of personnel is generally a fair index to effort. With approximately 1,000 useful planes on hand as of June 30, 1931, there was employed in connection with naval aviation activities a total of 3,492 civilian employes and 13,952 officers and men, of whom only 1,184 were pilots or otherwise engaged on regular flight duty. It is hardly likely that the Navy Department, accused by some radicals of being reactionary towards aviation, has been allocating more men than needed to its air-force, or that the latter needs more in proportion to its planes than any other air organization. The conclusion is obvious then that the cost of the plane itself is only a minor item in the total aviation effort, and that while our air forces both at sea

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and on land should undoubtedly be increased, it is not going to be done at any modicum of expense.

The damage which aircraft can work is not nearly so horrific as has been pictured, weighed in comparison with the ordinary destruction of war. The average bombing plane can carry a single bomb equal in weight to a torpedo or fourteen-inch projectile, or can carry two of half the weight, and so on. Aërial giants can be built to carry even heavier loads, but the cost goes up very nearly in proportion to the weight carried, and there is rather more chance that the one big fellow will be shot down or otherwise come to grief than that two smaller ones will. When the bomb, big or little, is finally dropped, it may hit or it may miss, for there is no deadly accuracy about it that sets it above all other missiles. The plane may drop it from a considerable altitude with very little danger to herself from anti-aircraft fire, or she may come lower, accept more risk, and have a better chance of hitting what she aims at. The thing she can not do is play perfectly safe herself and at the same time be very dangerous to the enemy. She obeys the same laws in this respect as does any other weapon.

When a bomb finally succeeds in hitting, it does no more harm by virtue of having come from above than would the same weight of explosive propelled more or less horizontally from a gun — less in most cases, for the air resistance puts a limit on the penetrative velocity one can give to a missile by dropping it. We would choose a bomb on the deck of our battleship any day in preference to a heavy armor-piercing shell, though we make no pretense that either will be all pure pleasure. The point is that we expect to get hurt occasionally in war, and though we may have proved a new weapon to be capable of doing considerable hurt, we are still a long way from having proved it to be more deadly than any other weapon.

Whether hitting or missing, the one heavy bomb or several smaller ones represents a good day's work for the plane and pilot, and not such an infinitesimal part of their life's work either, at least in war time. No aërial ammunition wagon is going to give them reloads up there, and neither man nor mechanism will stand the strain of too frequent flights, even aside from the dangers. Much of the immunity claimed for the plane is due to its own factor of weakness. It is a fleeting, evanescent target because its missile load is small and can be dropped almost instantly. And when men have held out for hour after hour amid the inferno of destruction poured from masses of rapid-fire artillery, they are unlikely to be awed in advance by the few seconds' worth of bombs which even a large flight of planes can carry and drop.

Great striking range (or radius), in which the plane excels, is a tremendous asset to any weapon, but is not everything. We may recall how in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, the first in which rapid-fire, high-velocity, long-range weapons really came into their own, it was freely predicted that personal combat was a thing of the past, and that the bayonet was useless because one force or the other would be destroyed or put to flight before they ever came

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close enough to use it. And mark then how in the World War the very severity of the fire drove the combatants underground and to night operations, not only restoring the prestige of the bayonet but introducing such short-range weapons as the trench-knife and hand-grenade, whose utility would have been scoffed at as little as ten years before.

Air forces are well adapted for quick striking, damaging, and harassing, but not so well for capturing, holding, or even totally destroying. They are excellent for attack, but not so reliable for defense. We freely admit that they can hurt an enemy whether he has or has not an air force of his own, but there is the greatest doubt as to their ability to keep that enemy from going over us like a steam roller if he has sufficient superiority in the shorter-range but heavier-hitting types of arm. In the World War the air forces bedeviled London and Paris and destroyed an occasional ammunition dump, bridge, or factory, but they never stopped an enemy's advance or wrested any of his holdings from him. They will do considerably more in the next war, but will not win it single-handed.

MUCH capital has been made of the British decision to entrust the Royal Air Force with maintaining order in Iraq, despite the fact that it was really sharing that job with a considerable native army organized and trained by British Officers. Such a step is logical enough in an open country, where climate, distance, and difficulties of supply are harder to overcome than any direct resistance by the enemy. Why march perspiring Tommies over the inhospitable desert, and into an occasional ambush, after a foe they can never catch, when a bomb or two in the village street may bring the recalcitrant but impressionable natives to reason before they are well started on their uprising?

It works when it works, but it did not work so well when the hard-boiled and sophisticated Afghan tribesmen staged a raid on Peshawar in India, and found to their delight that the British planes not only were innocuous against targets that took to cover and emerged again like rabbits, but that the airmen would expend good bombs on turbans strewed flat on the ground, under the impression that the owners were still beneath them. The air force did excellent work, but fortunately for Peshawar, its defenses also included some good old-fashioned infantry and artillery!

The contention that our present anti-aircraft practices fall short of reality is true enough, but it is rather unfair to impute this to deceptive motives on the part of reactionary Army and Navy authorities. Sleeve-targets, towed by a plane, are the only kind we can fire at; and if the practices are conducted with a certain amount of formality, it is not with intent to produce inflated scores, but to keep from registering a stray hit now and then on the aviator doing the towing. So far as the Navy anti-aircraft practices are concerned, every possible uncertainty is introduced consistent with safety and with the unavoidable limitations of a towed target, and this is presumably true of the Army's practices also. It is difficult to see

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why the reports of these practices are to be considered as insidious anti-aircraft propaganda, while the vast publicity given to the planes and their achievements is the pure milk of disinterested truth!

Many of the arguments advanced against the effectiveness of anti-aircraft fire apply equally against the effectiveness of aërial bombing itself. There are always many factors which combine to make anti-aircraft gunnery or any other kind largely a matter of trial and error as well as of scientific calculation. But these factors work both ways. The missile dropped from the skies carries no stamp on it which insures special delivery any more than the missile hurled by a charge of powder; wind, motion and atmospheric conditions play hob with one as well as with the other.

Sharp banks, sudden turns, and other acrobatics by a free-flying plane which are denied to the towed target, will unquestionably increase the difficulty of anti-aircraft fire against the former, but will do no less to its own bombing accuracy. The velocity and direction which a gun imparts to its projectile are imparted to a bomb by the motion of the plane carrying it, as well as by gravity, and hence the plane must steady for at least a few moments before the launching, unless the pilot is sacrificing all chance of accuracy in the attempt to secure his own safety.

It is well to recognize right here the sophism of crediting the bombing or torpedo plane with the same degree of immunity from anti-aircraft fire that the high speed, climb and maneuvering power of the fighting planes give to that type. The two are less alike than a Percheron dray horse is like Man o' War, for in plane design the qualities just mentioned are all at the expense of ability to carry weight. You can secure either extreme or some compromise between them, but not both extremes. And when any one vaunts the difficulty of hitting a target with gnatlike maneuverability, 200 miles per hour speed and 15,000 foot ceiling, it may be well to ask skeptically, "Yes, but what bomb weight can such a craft carry and how far and at what height does she expect to hit anything with it?"

We will readily admit that since the anti-aircraft batteries are unable to go after an enemy's planes, they must of necessity be located where the planes will come to them, that is, where they can defend some highly important and vulnerable point or structure. No plane is going to approach anti-aircraft guns merely to make the latter feel useful. It is useless to scatter a few guns over a long line or a wide area, and it is probably poor military economics to provide a lot of them for the same purpose. But that by no means proves that structures of such concentrated value and vulnerability as ships, bridges, dams, or canal locks should be protected only by air forces, which are likely to be somewhere else when needed and whose ability to protect at all times is quite as unproven as that of anti-aircraft guns.

The instance cited, where planes from the U. S. S. *Lexington* caught the Panama Canal defenses off guard and bombed the locks unresisted, may prove many things, but it certainly does not prove that air forces

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themselves afford certain protection when anti-aircraft guns fail to, or that we should scrap both our *Lexington* and our battleships in order to spend more on land-based air forces. The latter were there in plenty but could not get up in time, and there is nothing to show that they would have done so had their numbers been thrice as great.

THERE is considerably more to war than merely shooting at the enemy in front of us; and whether we do it with a rifle ranging a mile, a heavy gun ranging ten miles, or a plane ranging two hundred, it is done to enable us to advance, seize and hold a position, line, or territory occupied by the enemy, or to prevent him from doing the same to us; not merely to do damage which has no result beyond itself. And if air-power by its mere ability to hit at ranges greater than anything heretofore can of itself decide a battle, then why was it ever necessary for men to "go over the top" at all, when their artillery was already battering the enemy with a volume of fire far greater than anything planes can achieve? Because until that enemy's position had been occupied and made a stepping-stone for further advance or defense, nothing at all was really accomplished. Why did the enemy ever undergo such punishment in his trenches, instead of getting out of range and letting his own artillery stop the attack? Because the long range weapons seldom *did* stop it, and the issue was not fully decided until men with rifle, bayonet and machine gun had met at close quarters. Does this then assert that the long range guns were ineffective? Not one whit, but they were merely one highly important element out of several, as the plane in its turn is bound to be; and to stake a war wholly on one element alone will be as disastrous in the future as it would have been in 1914–1918.

But will not matters be different at sea? Not necessarily. The myriads of planes which are to sweep across the Atlantic or Pacific and attack us are as mythical as the wings of Icarus and Dædalus, for such flight radius and bomb carrying capacity do not go together. To bomb New York or San Francisco these invaders must first get ships to carry them to within a few hundred miles of Ambrose Channel or the Golden Gate, and it would seem that a Navy which can keep their carriers from ever getting that close is a better guarantee of protection than shore-based planes which can promise little more than to stage a good fight in the air — perhaps after the harm has been done.

And the battleships that are to be sunk so freely by air attack? Well, setting aside the fact that we believe aërial bombs to be considerably less damaging per hit than heavy shells or torpedoes, and glossing over such incidents as the recent bombing of the steamer *Mount Shasta*, which the planes from shore could not even find and then could not hit when it was found for them, we will freely admit that much damage can be done to ships by air attack — as through any other sort of battle. But such air attack must come from either shore bases or plane carriers. There is no necessity for a fleet to dally within flight range of the former when it can largely exercise control of the sea without it. And while carriers are the

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essence of air-power at sea, they are themselves highly vulnerable to attack by air as well as by gun and torpedo. We must be equal to our enemy in air power afloat, but we dare not be inferior to him in gun power. It takes both to make sea power.

Should the foregoing discussion smack of anti-aircraft partisanship, it is wholly unintentional, for surely one may question whether a certain arm is so superior as to exclude all others, without thereby disparaging its high intrinsic value. The proposition we would advance and which it is believed would help considerably towards straight thinking on military matters, is that the plane is merely one more weapon, though of first rate importance; that it excels all others in range and speed of attack, but lacks the destructive capacity which high volume of fire alone can give; and is neither so cheap nor so invulnerable as we have been led to believe. To realize its limitations as well as its advantages is the first step towards success with it.

Unfortunately the truth is always a matter of qualifications, degrees and relativity, and as such is far less impressive than extremes of statement.

(Note: The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer, and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large.)

Giant Cacti

By Sonia Ruthèle Novák

Grotesque, misshapen, furred with thorns, and weird,
The cacti tear the dusky webbing air
Like creatures out from some nocturnal lair
To exercise at will of durance cleared;
And rove, inquisitive, where shadows reared
Before them on the dunes are kin who dare
To venture friendliness as harsh and spare
As any festered pool the sun has seared.

Distorted and obtuse, they seem to prowl,
Encumbered by their own malignant weight.
And when the distance yields a rising howl
No wolf could send, no catamount nor mate,
The desert folk hide in the dark's deep cowl
Until its mad resurgencies abate.

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These Musical Electrons

By Raymond Francis Yates

The invasion of science into music threatens a revolution which horrifies conservatives, but holds great promise for others

Music, securely anchored in its almost sacred traditions, has always been serenely indifferent to the purely materialistic conquests of formal and dispassionate science in its department of sound physics. As a result, the evolution of musical media has been tediously slow, even stupid and resentful of anything that approached an invasion of its realm. This resistance has been anything but passive and the persistency with which it held gave subtle warning that when the invasion of science finally came it would be swift, sure and totally devastating.

Such a tragic moment, tragic at least for those who hold that music can obey nothing but the most æsthetic responses of humankind, appears to be at hand. From July 6 to the 8th of this year, there was held in Munich, Germany, the first International Electronic Music Congress, a congress full of menace and threatening gestures for the established order of the musical world. It was a congress full of the spirit of daring and inspired solely by the discoveries of electrical physicists who have, within the past five years, placed at the disposal of musicians a new and transcendental means for the expression of the human emotions through the medium of sound. It is a means so utterly and fantastically revolutionary and so full of diabolical promise that the conservative members of the conventional school shudder and become uncompromisingly belligerent at the mere thought of it.

When the physicist, like a mother unable to find nourishment for her new-born babe, left his infant on the doorstep of music, the incorrigibles permitted it to remain there wailing in the night. It was benign and bastard and there could be no asylum for it in the sacred corridors of so virginal an institution. There are humans, however, even in the shrines of the arts, who are moved by the wailing of an infant in the night and who will open the adamantine door to bring it in.

In the case being discussed, no less a person than Paul Hindemith, professor of the Berlin Academy of Music and conceded to be the best composer in modern Germany, has extended succor to the offspring of a dispassionate parent; a parent imbued with mathematical exactitude

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and incorruptible temperance for anything that is subject to an æsthetic play of the senses.

But why the need for a new means of musical expression? Why are the conservatives steadfastly holding to the contention that our present instruments are sufficiently versatile to provide adequate extension and division of tone? Surely we must be musically mature with centuries of tradition behind us and apparently inexhaustible resources for a glorious and still more productive future. Music can not be bankrupt; emotion can not starve on the sustenance that fed Beethoven, Bach, Wagner and the rest of the immortals.

Before giving thought to such an apparently impossible idea as musical bankruptcy, some attention should be given the supposition so tenaciously held to by the patriarchs that our present instruments provide adequate division and extension of tone; extension and division sufficiently flexible to encompass the expression of any emotion however delicate or elusive. An unprejudiced observer, with even a superficial knowledge of the physics of sound, is inevitably drawn to the conclusion that such a claim is an exaggeration and that it is more or less defenseless when viewed with a panorama of the whole sound spectrum behind it. The audible sound spectrum extends all the way from acoustical disturbances having a frequency so high as to find no part of our ears sufficiently small to be in resonance with them down to frequencies so coarse and low as to degenerate into noise. While the invasions of the lower registers have been bold and daring enough, especially in the stops of some of our modern organs, the extremes of the upper registers are practically unexplored. Super-treble is still the north pole of music.

Those who argue that our present musical instruments provide sufficient tonal division are, in all probability, either by reason of their being so close to the forests that they can not see the trees or so grossly ignorant of the mechanics of sound, unmindful of the enormity of their exaggeration. No composer has been adventurous enough to set his feelings down with anything more continuous than the conventional chromatic scale with its half-tone limitations. To do anything else would be futile and incapable of being interpreted by any save a few of our musical devices. The violin, confined to a rather narrow portion of the sound spectrum, is capable of producing infinite division of tone, but its propensities are not shared by many other instruments. Those masterful instruments, so completely able to search the whole soul of conventional music, the organ and the piano, become utterly inarticulate in the expression of any sound divided into intervals more delicately separated than half-tones.

Must the half-tone forever remain the arbitrary limit of tone shade even though composers may wish to sing in the blank spaces and even though we humans with finer sensibilities, more delicately sensitive nervous systems and with far greater aptitude for complications and complexities in every phase of our lives, may be developing musical appetites far more insatiable as regards tone shades than were those of our grandsires? Growing

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complication and complexity geared to an ever-increasing tempo is the rule and future of life as it greets us today. We find this in every department of human activity. Music, it would appear, has been a laggard in this race to appease the new and intricate human appetite. To greet the eyes, there has been a new glory in colors and forms, for today our chemists have split and compounded the shades, hues and primary colors of the spectrum until an entirely new conception of chromatic effects has been born. We find the same delicacy, the same fine splitting of hairs in the concoction of foodstuffs, for the variety of foods today is utterly appalling when compared to the limited culinary elements enjoyed by our forefathers. In the spectrum of taste, which lies between the extremes of gall and saccharine, we have an almost unbelievable number of blends. The olfactory sense has not been able to escape this pampering, this new and feverish desire to multiply sense responses with new forms of stimulation. Our perfumers are perpetually alert in the task of discovery of odors that will provide intrigue for our nostrils.

In commenting upon this riotous appeal to the senses, one can not overlook the multitudinous forms of stimulation that modern civilization has brought to the sense of feeling. Our automobiles, our airplanes, our elevators, fast motor boats, railroads and the thrills of the amusement parks have given new and often alarming sense responses that in conditioning our nervous reflexes have complicated our entire nervous system. The whole order and environment of life has created sensations and reactions that have not only burdened the senses and nerves but given them a hunger for still more stimulating forms of excitement.

If music has responded at all to this sensual madness, it has answered, or attempted to answer the call, in the blatant language of jazz which is still, with its mutes and muffles, a mere tonal mutilation of standardized expression. It has certainly added no new delights to the art, for its whole inheritance came from the conventional school.

When one reviews the output of composers during the Twentieth Century, one is drawn logically to the conclusion that music is slowly becoming bankrupt either for want of genius or for lack of material with which to express the spirit of the age. This is not to say that the present century has not been productive of works that will endure. It most assuredly has, but the number has been gradually tapering off and at the present rate of decline it begins to presage musical starvation. This decline can not be due to a mere depletion of the reserves and resources of music for the singing mind can never be thwarted for want of musical elements with which to express its song. Music is still fabulously rich in new combinations and untried synthesis but it may be that our composers, especially the younger ones, are either consciously or unconsciously feeling the urge to appeal more deeply to that nervous instability, to that racy and more wanton appetite of the new age.

Fineness of texture and sensitivity are concomitants of extreme complexity in both organic and social life

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and it is possible, whether we be aware of it or not, that the coarseness of conventional music is too great to reach those deeper wells of emotion that have been developed in humans removed by countless ages from the lumbering *pithecanthropus errectus*. If the reaction to pain in living matter is directly proportional to the perfection, extent and complexity of the nervous system, it must be certain or the whole emotional being becomes more highly attenuated and less easy to satisfy as civilization marches on.

From the lyre and the lute we have come finally to the symphony; from the simplest murmurings of melody to the highly organized and coordinated interpretations of great groups of instruments capable of producing an astounding number of tonal colors. But after the symphony what? Does it represent the pinnacle of musical achievement or must we look forward to the day of quarter, eighth and even sixteenth intervals and to tone synthesis so delicately fabricated that it will allow more complete emotional satisfaction to a race whose responses demand something more sustaining than present-day music has to offer? If that day must come, electrically created music is here to serve it.

ELECTRICALLY produced music, or, more correctly, electronic music, is not to be confused with ordinary electrically reproduced music coming from radios, talkies or electric phonographs. Electronic music is made up of fundamentals, overtones and harmonics created by the interaction of electric currents modulated by human intervention. It represents a new source of amenable sound that is utterly free from the limitations imposed by ordinary musical instruments.

When an alternating current of commercial frequency (sixty cycles or 120 complete reversals per second) is permitted to pass through a radio loud-speaker, a note, more or less pure, of that frequency is produced. If a graph, showing the periodic rise and fall of energy from zero to amplitude and from amplitude back to zero were drawn of such a performance, the result would, for all practical purposes, appear similar to a graph showing the action of energy converted by any musical instrument. The energy transformations in either system would be identical, the only difference being that in the one case kinetic energy was converted into sound, while in the other electric energy was converted. Thus it is seen that alternating electric current is capable of producing sound waves. The next step needed to produce music is a means of varying the frequency and volume of this sound.

The physicist, turning to the ubiquitous vacuum tube, took advantage of its squealing. When a radio vacuum tube squeals, it generates an alternating current with a frequency depending upon the electrical dimensions of the circuit of which it forms a part. Perfect control may be exercised over this squealing by introducing or subtracting the necessary electrical elements which take various forms. The introduction of these elements may be brought about by keys, by sliding contacts, or, in the case of certain electronic musical instruments such as the thereimin, by a mere move-

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ment of the hands to control both frequency and volume.

The vacuum tube is an efficient generator of alternating current, its range of frequency capable of being extended all the way from one a second (which is the lowest that physicists have as yet reached) to many millions a second. The audible sound spectrum does not extend beyond twenty thousand cycles a second and there is for each human a distinct and critical point reached in the super-treble and at a point slightly above or below this figure where sound, however virulent, exits stealthily into the realm of pure silence. Such is the range of this new and amazing source of music.

Those who are not familiar with electronic music will immediately question the tonal characteristics of such electrically produced sound. Is it able to produce all of the overtones and harmonics that go to make up the color and tonal beauty of music produced by conventional instruments?

The question can best be answered by asserting that the electronic method of tone creation can do anything that can be done by any musical instrument known. It can do more both in the upper and lower registers, in volume and in the method of manipulation, which may be a keyboard, a fret board, a bow or a mere waving of the hands. Blow, bow and pound as they will, the members of a symphonic orchestra can succeed only in reaching a very definite limit of volume while with electronic music a child at the keyboard may fill an auditorium or a group of auditoria for that matter.

So rich are the resources of electronic music that no sound however delicate, however sweetly compounded with harmonics or overtones can be elusive enough to escape faithful creation. For the first time the whole spectrum of sound has been made available to music and this availability has come along with a flexibility of control that makes ordinary musical media appear gross and stupidly mechanical by comparison. In the lower register, where prevailing instruments provide rather grotesque performances, electronic musical instruments are capable of producing a richness and roundness of tone that brings entirely new possibilities of expression.

ELECTRONIC music has long since emerged from the laboratory. Already it has invaded one of the most important citadels of music, Carnegie Hall, and many of its other audiences have been equally sophisticated. In Europe, where the art is far more advanced than it is here and where performances have been made before audiences that are more musically mature than those in America, this new form of expression has been rather kindly received. At least the musical bourgeoisie has been favorably impressed and even certain members of the musical aristocracy have expressed warm enthusiasm for the *enfant terrible*.

Electronic instruments take on multitudinous forms, the most interesting probably being the very versatile tratonium developed by the radio research section of the Berlin Academy of Music by Dr. Trautwein with the coöperation of Paul Hindemith who regarded the development seriously enough to compose

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music that would lend itself more perfectly to electronic interpretation. Indeed Trautwein's researches into the possibilities of electronic music have been so amazingly penetrating and so utterly beyond the limitations of ordinary effects, that they have been responsible for a new theory of music. To quote R. Raven-Hart, an authority:

> The principle here is radically different and involves a new musical theory according to which the characteristic tone-color of an instrument is (in most cases) caused, not by overtones which are multiples of the fundamental frequency as in the older (Helmholtz) theory, but by damped vibrations of a fixed frequency or frequencies bearing no relation to the fundamental frequency except accidentally (and then tending to produce undesirable effects, "wolf tones," etc.). Such tone-formers (German: *Hallformaten*), as they are called, are caused by some acoustical "circuit" in the instrument being resonant to this fixed frequency and being set in vibration by shock excitation due to small variations in the volume of the fundamental note. It should be noted that the tone-formers are always of a higher frequency than the fundamental; should the fundamental (in the ascending scale) pass one of them, it at once disappears and the timber becomes simpler, for example, the upper notes of a clarinet are relatively characterless owing to the loss of tone-formers present when the lower register is in use. It is also to be noted that these tone-former vibrations die out before the end of each fundamental period, or are wiped out by the beginning of the following one. A simple example of the control of quality of acoustic tone-formers is by the muting of a violin or of a trumpet (by wooden cone or derby hat!) since the mute checks the vibration of some particular acoustical "circuit."

One of the most interesting developments on the American scene has been the electronic organ of Captain Richard H. Ranger. Ranger has succeeded in providing means for the production of no less than three thousand tonal effects and his frequency range extends all the way from sixteen cycles to eight thousand cycles. As yet no musician has been able to tap the appalling tone resources of his instrument. So versatile is this instrument that Leopold Stokowski has said, upon hearing it, that several such organs might replace an entire symphony in the near future. Brass, woodwind and string effects all easily come within the range of this musical jack of all trades. New and old tones are created with equal facility.

Aside from Trautwein's tratonium and Ranger's organ, there is Prof. Thereimin's thereimin, Dr. Miller's electronic piano, Prof. Hardy's photo-electric organ, the martenot and a dozen other inventions of some note. More than half of these instruments are available commercially at prices ranging from $150 to $5,000.

So revolutionary are the musical effects that may be produced by these new instruments, that musical talent is baffled by them, it stands awed in the presence of a new glory in sound with resources so vast that perhaps many years will have to pass before they can be fully understood. Musicians are needed with a genius searching enough to find new and subtle effects, and composers are needed who, like Beethoven and Mozart in exploiting the resources of the piano, will be able to take advantage of devices so rich in their range and character that they were never dreamed of by earlier composers.

Let the conservatives say what they will, a new and glorious day of promise so immense that it stupefies one even to attempt to measure its full significance is here.

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Walden in the Red

By Henry Morton Robinson

Rusticating may be bliss, but urban life is cheaper

It's a die-hard fallacy. I mean the utopian notion that the Golden Acre of economic paradise lies somewhere between Walden Pond and North Burlap. I mean the philosophy of "Back to the Soil" as variously expounded by Messrs. Rousseau, Tolstoi, Thoreau, and all social perfectionists cut on an agrarian bias. And I particularly mean the persistent myth (terribly vocal in the last couple of years) that living in the country is cheaper than living in the city; that a nice woodsy landscape is a sovereign remedy for this cyclic depression business and vice versa; and that plenty of fresh air, new-laid eggs, sweet milk, heavy cream, and green garden truck will blast the world out of its present economic slough.

These venerable myths, recently revived by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in his programme for the ruralization of American industry, date back to the time when Cato wrote his *Treatise on Agriculture* and Q. H. Flaccus penned his *Odes* in the lee of his Sabine barn. Such fables may have had some cogency for America in the post-Revolutionary era when the *Farmers' Almanack* was the preferred reading-matter of a race of congenital husbandmen; conceivably, too, the idea was valid when the virgin forests of Oregon rang to the music of the pioneer's axe. But here and now, as life is presently organized, any one who can afford to live in the country (excepting the farmer, of course) is a social curiosity — and could probably get more for his money by moving to the city.

In June, 1926, I arose from my instructor's desk in Columbia College and announced that I was through. In my statement to the trustees I intimated that I was not only bored by classroom obsequies but was also rather weary of stretching my $2,000 salary over a dormitory cubicle and a cafeteria diet. Something of a bucolic impulse (superinduced by a too literal reading of *Walden*) was boiling within me, and I was of a mind to let it boil. As I remember it now, my idea was to get out into the country and be poor; to go in for plain living, high thinking, and the articulation of such lyric poesies as I should find within me. In my salad verdancy I fancied that I had picked an easy berth for myself. Ah, if youth but knew. . . .

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Of cash I had almost none, but by disposing of my books and furniture at an academic auction I obtained a sum large enough to take me to Ruralia, New York. Ruralia is about fifty miles south of the elbow where the Hudson River becomes unnavigable to night boats; the little valley in which Ruralia snuggles is a pinfold of the Catskills, a thickly timbered crease in an unfashionable section of the Vacation Range. The chief products of Ruralia, in order of their importance, are: 110 proof apple-jack; pork sausage for summer boarders; and modernistic canvases by the art colony. There used to be a tannery and a wood-turning mill in town, but that was a long while ago — before my time.

I had heard that Ruralia's rents were grass cheap, and its conditions of life absolutely primitive. Both rumors were at least fifty per cent true. For $20 a month I hired a five-room farmhouse without plumbing, furnace, or furniture. But plenty of fresh air filtered through the cracks in the roof, and the owner gave me a barrelful of chipped crockery to adorn my pantry shelves. To celebrate my conversion to naturalism I got married, and brought my bride of twenty-four hours to this sylvan retreat dedicated to the germane pursuits of poverty and minor verse.

It wasn't long before I discovered that verse was too slender a staff to support even a disciple of Thoreau, so I began to lean more and more heavily on those traditional literary crutches — book-reviewing and manuscript-reading. Occasionally, I wrote an article. I figured that if I could earn seventy-five dollars a month, all would go well with the revised *Walden* program, but needless to say, I did not balance my budget every month. During that first year we had to exhibit some ingenuity in disguising our menus — eating cornmeal and fat bacon not less than seven times a week, and easily avoiding such refinements as an automobile, radio, dinner jackets and bath salts. Young romance and a wild ambition to Waldenize modern life were all that we had to support us through a long winter spent in virtual isolation.

But romance can not last forever, and even love's young dream begins to include something in the way of a tight roof and one's own furniture. And because the article-writing business began to prosper (anything could prosper in America between 1926–29) I eventually found myself with enough money to acquire title to a remote ark of a house with a glorious view but no plumbing. The house was situated three miles from the village of Ruralia (which meant that I'd have to buy a car) but in that first flush of property-holding madness I made a down payment and started in to build a habitable residence out of the rural barracks I had purchased.

To buy the lumber for the repairs on my house, I had to travel thirteen miles to the nearest lumber yard — which happened to be at the county seat. Seeing so many trees about the terrain, I thought: "Surely, lumber will be cheap." Swiftly was I undeceived. Lumber was not a penny cheaper than it would have been in New York City — and in addition to the cost of the material, I had to pay for a soon-to-be-familiar item known as "haulage." In the country, every-

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thing has to be hauled long distances — lumber, sand, crushed rock, cement — and you are charged plenty for the hauling. After buying a thousand dollars' worth of building material I found that I had to pay a ten per cent surcharge for getting it to my lot. Of course, I could have hired a truck, or bought one of my own, but I figured it would be cheaper to pay the haulage tax and chalk it up against the economy of living in the country.

The local carpenters who worked on my house charged me six dollars a day for labor; they came at eight-thirty in the morning, took an hour off for lunch, and quit at four. When I remonstrated that this was not a full day's work they told me that it was an old rural custom to knock off at four o'clock, in order to get home in time to do their own chores. In compliance with this charming custom, I paid them nearly a dollar an hour for labor — certainly no cheaper than the city rate for an appreciably higher grade of skill.

There was no spring on my property, so I had to dig a well. Actually "dig" is a misnomer; the proper term is "drill," since the whole region around Ruralia is overlaid by a thick ledge of blue-stone. Now to penetrate this stubbornest of rocks was certainly worth the three dollars per foot that the well-drillers charged me. But because my well was ninety-one feet deep, the total cost of getting water to the surface of my backyard (not into the house, mind you) was $300. Eventually it cost me $700 more to instal running water in my home. Oh yes, bird-notes are cheap and lovely in Ruralia, but plain cold water is a commodity that a country dweller pays dearly for.

By this time I was in need of financial assistance, so I applied to the local bank for a mortgage. This meant that I had to insure my house against fire. Now fire protection being non-existent in that sector of the woods, I had to pay a terrific rate for my insurance policy — almost three times as much as a city dweller has to pay for similar protection. For a time I wavered, but because I sorely needed the cash to complete my building operations I paid the stiff premium — and am still paying it. Later on I learned that none of my neighbors are insured for the full value of their property; they claim it's cheaper to take a chance on their houses going up in smoke. You can't blame the insurance companies, but they certainly lay a heavy toll on their rural customers.

Transportation is a problem that the city dweller dismisses when he drops a nickel into the subway turnstile or buys a commutation ticket at half the regular rate. The urbanite of small income can easily dispense with a car, but I soon found it was practically impossible for a family (we had an infant now) living three miles out of town, to get along without an automobile. One must be prepared to meet illness and emergencies when they arise; there is a minimum number of trips that must be made to town for supplies — to say nothing of the imperative need of getting across-country to see one's friends occasionally. All these journeyings require some sort of a car, and in my part of the country such cars are generally picked up second-hand for an average price of $300.

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The life of such a conveyance is about a year, not longer, for nothing will rattle a car to the junk pile quicker than a real country road. My first car cost me $344, and the upkeep per month (including gas, oil, tires, repairs, license plates and insurance) was twenty dollars. Thus for transportation I was soon paying over $500 a year — a huge and rather disproportionate part of my income for a commodity that my urban brother obtains for a few cents a day. Very few suburbanites with incomes under $5,000 pay such a transportation tax — a tax paid, in the last analysis, for the privilege of living in the woods.

AND NOW for food!

There is extant an old wives' tale that food, especially dairy products and fresh vegetables, is cheaper in the country than in the city. Romanticist that I was, I believed the yarn until skeptic figures persuaded me that I had been dealing with folk-lore instead of facts. I don't keep my grocery bills — that would be too harrowing — but whenever I examine them I notice that I am paying from three to seven cents more for staple commodities — sugar, flour, bread, tea, and coffee — than I'd have to pay if I lived in a larger centre of distribution. There are no chain stores in Ruralia; the general store of song-and-story handles an omnibus line of goods ranging from steel plows to brown sugar — charging the customer for the inevitable slow turnover, unprofitable lines, and bad debts. Gasoline, motor oil, and kerosene (all bought at the general store) are always two or three cents a gallon higher than city prices, due to the obvious fact that they must be re-shipped from central distributing points to Ruralia and similar small-bore tanks. For fresh western beef, pork and lamb, the epicures of Ruralia pay ten cents a pound more than regular urban prices.

And as for dairy products — the "nice creamy milk, plenty of eggs, butter, and garden truck" of legendary fame — I have never been able to discover why I have to pay more for them in Ruralia than in a city delicatessen shop. Apparently, the local farmer with a few registered cows prefers to sell his milk in bulk to a Dairymen's League at three cents a quart, rather than peddle it among his neighbors for fifteen. Many times I have paid this price for milk at the stable door when I could have traveled to the county seat and bought it for three cents less. But the farmer knows I won't drive twenty-six miles to save three cents, so he rubs in the extra price. Usually he "separates" the butter-fat from the milk before he sells it to me, so I actually get a thinnish blue concoction instead of the "rich sweet cream" of the hoary fable.

By a specious kind of logic, the farmer takes his price-cue from the local store-keeper. One day not so long ago I asked the local chicken-rancher, "How much for a dozen eggs?" He turned to his wife and said, "Ring up the grocery store and find out what they're charging for eggs today." The store price was fifty cents, so he charged me fifty cents — although eggs were selling in New York stores for thirty-eight cents a dozen.

"Fresh garden sass" is so highly valued by the man who grows it that

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I have had to pay five cents an ear for standing corn when it was selling for thirty cents a dozen in urban markets. Beets, peas, carrots, apples and potatoes are never sold without reference to the current "store prices." For summer vacationist trade, this practice may be justifiable — but the farmer has known me as a neighbor for five years and claims that he won't raise the stuff unless he can "get his own price for it." I can sympathize with his point of view, but have never been able to understand why I should be obliged to pay more than city prices for the privilege of rooting carrots out of the earth.

On the fuel problem I am taken from the front and rear. For five winters now, I have paid a dollar a ton more for coal than the city furnace-stoker, and use one-third more fuel than he does to offset the intenser rigors of the upstate climate. Briefly, I pay the freight on coal — which seems a reasonable proposition. But you'd suppose, with forests of oak, maple, and chestnut surrounding me, that cord-wood might be fairly cheap. No such thing! I've never yet been able to buy a cord of fireplace logs for less than twelve dollars. One winter I flew into a cold rage and cut my own wood; because I burned six cords between October and May, I saved the estimable sum of seventy-two dollars. Very probably I'll repeat the performance this winter from sheer necessity. Yet even so — after I wrestle, sweat, and haul logs all winter — my fuel bill will be about forty per cent more than if I were living in the city. You see, there are no anthracite mines on my property, so I'll still have to pay fifteen dollars a ton for hard coal.

How about public utilities — gas, electricity and telephones — those assumed indispensables of comfortable living? These, I can warn you, come high in the country. But since my warning would be useless if not buttressed by specific facts, here is my story:

For the first three years of our life in the woods, we lighted our establishment with kerosene lamps. The effect was quaint, but rather hard on the eyes during long stretches of night work. Finally an energetic spirit amongst us persuaded the dozen householders along our road to petition the electric company for a service wire. Why yes, said the electric company, this could be arranged if we would pay for the installation of our own poles, twenty dollars apiece, and guarantee a minimum payment of seven dollars a month, per householder, for twelve months of the year. This seemed to me, and was, a terrifically high guarantee, but actually my monthly electric bill has been as high as twelve dollars. I pay the highest legal rate for electricity, simply because I don't use enough of it. I have been told that if I instal an electric stove my basic rate will go down; maybe so, but at the present rate I can barely afford to pay for the privilege of reading by electricity, let alone cooking by it.

I have no telephone. True, I could get on a party wire with eleven other persons at the tempting rate of four dollars a month, but such an arrangement does not appeal to my sense of decency. There is no greater

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nuisance under heaven than the rural party-line, jangling constantly and unimportantly, with its accepted privileges of eavesdropping as part of the service. If I wish to escape all this jangle and espionage, I can instal a private line by paying down a forty-five dollar deposit and meeting a seven dollar per month minimum charge. But the chances are that I'll get along without a phone for many years yet, because the service is too expensive for an ex-disciple of the simple life.

It may be argued at this point that I have attempted to transplant to the country whole categories of needs and equipment that are peculiarly urbane, and am disgruntled because I have to pay the inevitably higher rate for them. Searching my emotions, I do not find this to be true. If I am disgruntled, it is not because I am paying three times over for *luxuries*, but because the bare necessities of life are costing me more in the country than they did in the city. If I were to drop a few more notches in the economic scale, my style of life would be painfully primitive; as presently conducted, no one could plan his life more simply or frugally. And yet I am earning a moderately good income — an income on which many millions of Americans are living comfortably in large cities and suburbs. I *spend* as much as they do, yet I live on a much lower plane of comfort and convenience! How then, can it be maintained that country living is cheaper than life in the city?

To the best of my knowledge and experience, *it can't!*

Rent is the single budgetary item that is positively cheaper in the country. The rent of my house, were it located in a large city, would be in the vicinity of $100 a month. Right now — figuring only my taxes, insurance, interest on my investment and interest on the mortgage — I am paying $600 a year as the equivalent of rent. This is cheaper than city rent, but not a penny cheaper than rent in the nearby county seat. But by the time I have built a new driveway, landscaped my grounds a bit, and have the storm-windows set in, I think my total expenditures for "improvements" will more than offset my savings in rent. Meanwhile, I have the admitted luxuries of privacy, fresh air, and a wide panorama of scenic beauty. Yet much as these advantages mean to me (and they mean a great deal) it can not be said that I have purchased them cheaply.

I HAVE been wondering, as I wrote, if we have saved money on clothing while living in the country. A brief computation shows me that we have not. Stout country-boots, corduroys, sweaters and mittens are by no means cheap articles of clothing, and they wear out doubly fast in Ruralia because of the increased strain put upon them in performing the hundred chores of the day. And because I have to make a certain minimum of trips to the city to see editors and publishers, I must have a complete repertory of city clothes in addition to my fustian attire. Also, a third set of wearing apparel — sport clothes — is essential to summer tennis and parties. And since American life decrees that if you wear white clothes they must be clean, one's flannels and linen have to be as fresh

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in Ruralia as in Newport. Add laundry and cleaner's bills (as steep in the country as in New York) and you get a nice item at the end of the year. So after casting up the annual totals for five years, I regret to say that we haven't saved a tremendous fortune in wearing apparel or its upkeep.

There are, however, certain economic admissions that must be made in favor of country life. I have noticed, for example, that the cash pressure is less imperative in a country village than in a large city. City life is built on a "cash and carry" plan, but in Ruralia I have been able to drift along for weeks at a time without putting my hand into my pocket for hard money. When my income lags, or is temporarily nonexistent, my grocer carries me over longer periods, my bank allows my notes to slide, and the garage man continues to repair my tires and car. Ultimately, the burden is felt in the increased prices I pay for these extensions of credit, but in distressful times like the present it gives me a feeling of security to know that I can ride with my banker and grocer until a changing wind blows some cash my way.

It will be franker, also, to admit that country life in America is as yet a bit of an anomaly for the nonagricultural worker. At present, the type of person who can support himself and his family in the country is a rarity, limited almost rigidly to the craftsman or artist with an established market for his work. In Ruralia there are absolutely no jobs for the transplanted city dweller; at no time is there enough work for the native population. There are already too many chicken ranches, mink farms, and Sealyham kennels dragging out a painful existence on the deficit side of the ledger. Literally, there is no way to earn money in Ruralia. Dozens of my friends have tried to cash in on the summer colony trade by running restaurants, riding schools, real estate agencies, book shops and speak-easies. But they lose their little capital in the attempt, and drift back to the city at the end of the summer — wiser and poorer for their country experience.

Finally, I have observed that most city dwellers are temperamentally unfitted for country life. Around November first, they break down into acute melancholia when faced by the very real hardships of winter weather, isolation, and inconvenience that make the country unattractive as a year round proposition to the millions. Quite logically, most city persons like the city between October and June, and will stay there until the country becomes more urbanized.

When this happens — when country communities can provide heat, light, water, transportation, food, and schools as cheaply as the city — we may look for some considerable exodus to the woods. But this can not happen by legislative decree or utopian wishing. For good and sufficient reasons (chiefly economic) people will stay huddled in the city until there is something for them to do in the country. This charming ruralization of industry advocated by Governor Roosevelt is as yet nothing but a literary dream — an outworn dream at that, with a long tradition of failure behind it. Owen, Rousseau, and Ruskin had such a dream,

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and Henry Ford is just getting the first whiff of it. All social purists have at one time or another filled long sweet pipes with this sylvan opiate. Eventually a flame of reality may arise from the smoke, but when the flame does burst forth, the country will be so citified — in prices and in landscape — that no one will be able to tell the difference.

Meanwhile, I propose to fight it out along rural lines if it takes a whole lifetime. I like the country; it fits me, my family and my work. But I have abandoned most of my romantic notions about the cheapness of such a life, and have found that I pay dearly for the privilege of hearing Chanticleer wind his sunrise horn. Understand me, I value that privilege (among others) but a candid examination of my accounts shows me that I have not purchased it cheaply.

Bird

By Frances Frost

That night
Full of the ruin of spring,
Night in the east was bluer than the still
Slow-shadowed timberline until —

That night
Darkness was closer than the strange dark loam
Tasting of wildness, bitter with the foam
Of ended blossoms, till from out the south —

Than the brief heart stirring darkly in your breast,
Than the mute and generous nearness of your mouth,
Darkness was closer, till from the windless crest
Of the orchard slope there fell

A singing for rain,
A crying for the cool and windy stain
Of wetness over trees and grass, a crying
For spring again when swift rain-shadows float
Down from the mountains, — till suddenly there fell
Through the still and intimate night, a gust of singing
Out of a robin's burnt and drowsy throat!

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Don Juan as a Collector

By Mary Day Winn

Why are there people who collect garters, furnishings of saloons, air mail stamps—and even tombstones?

I know a gentleman who has devoted the best years of his life to collecting clay pipes and the buttons from soldiers' uniforms. He has, in effect, *married* clay pipes and military buttons, and is living with both in bigamous content. In this marital union he probably finds happiness above the average.

It would be impossible to produce comparative statistics in proof, but any one who has touched the fringes of this subject will agree that collecting is on the increase; it is one of the major enthusiasms of our time. A list of things which are the objects of the collector's passion would sound like the table of contents of a Sears Roebuck catalogue — or an inventory of the city dump: shaving mugs, mustache cups, gilded rolling pins, hat boxes, cigarette snuffers, miniature furniture, glass slippers, maps, old insurance policies, conch shells, wishbones, wooden Indians, wax flowers, time tables, playing cards, hymn books, beaded bags, fans, canes, baskets, beetles, babies' caps, spectacles cases, ink pots, buttons, garters, crutches, talking machine records, petticoats, old love letters. It is revealed that at least one macabre amorist has even made a collection of tombstones.

There recently appeared in the "Personal" columns of the New York *Times* an advertisement asking for help in the choice of a hobby; the author evidently felt that he must, to be perfectly regular, collect something, but experienced no quickening of the pulse when any of the ordinary collectors' inamoratae were mentioned. Not the least interesting features of this nation-wide mania are the psychological reasons back of it — which might, if realized, be disquieting to the Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals. Of the subconscious urges which drive the collector on I shall say more anon. At the moment I want to point out another significant aspect of the *Times* personal: its yearning for originality, even in the choice of a hobby.

It is this yearning which each year adds to the already bewildering list of things collected more oddments suggested by some recent world event, or growing out of some revolution in our social customs. The Great War, the Eighteenth Amendment, Lindbergh's flight, the

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death of Edison, all have spawned new accumulations. These current events foci, around which collections are grouped, possess other advantages besides their originality: the collector who centres his fond gaze on some just-born subject can begin, so to speak, with bibs and teething rings, and include among his treasures mementoes even of his beloved's infancy — an achievement which proves pretty expensive for those who have become infatuated with Fifteenth Century incunabula, or the pottery of ancient Greece!

When "We" landed at Le Bourget, the collecting of airplaneiana developed from a mild insanity into a mania. Envelope covers, with canceled stamps which have been carried on record-breaking flights, are now so eagerly sought that they play an important part in the financing of such ventures. Amundsen's flight over the Pole was paid for mainly by the sale of stamps. Postcards sold in this country at a dollar apiece were forwarded to his point of departure, given a cancellation stamp and then recanceled on the other side of the world. From this source the explorer is said to have realized about $600,000.

Pictures and contemporary accounts of early flights, signatures of the heroes, bits vandalized from the planes themselves, flight maps, books on aviation, even the most personal wearing apparel of the birdmen are objects of the collector's desire. Rose of all the roses is the canceled check for $25,000 which inspired the Lone Eagle's venture. Ultimately this bit of paper will probably be, if it is not already, worth more than before it was cashed — unless it is, as a collector's item, so unique that there is just no use yearning for it; after all, no girl should really feel it a slight on her powers that she has not been able to marry the Prince of Wales!

Another event which has given birth to a host of fondly reminiscent collections is the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. Like the pressed flowers and ribbon-tied love letters which remind us of some departed sweetheart, every bit of furnishing from the old-fashioned saloon is cherished. When the Waldorf Hotel was torn down, a flood of offers came in to buy the fittings of the famous bar, which had, alas, already been disposed of before its value was realized. Chairs and tables, however, bearing the alcohol rings of former conviviality, went briskly under the auctioneer's hammer.

No item of the old bar-room is so lowly that it has not found a lover. Even the labels which covered rare vintages are eagerly sought. The framed liquor license which hung on the wall is an object of veneration; I know a designer of home bars who will give a hundred dollars for a genuine liquor license. More popular, because more easily acquired, are the bottles. Since the passage of the Volstead Act, bottle collecting has taken on a new fascination, the lure of forbidden things. The whiskey bottles that the antique dealer used to be glad to dispose of at fifty cents apiece now bring $8.50. Chicago boasts a justly famous collection of bottles which has been gathered together by a woman; one of her proudest exhibits is the last champagne bottle opened (that is, opened before Prohibition) at Colosimo's,

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where Capone used to be the bouncer.

From the blood and mire of the World War sprang an almost innumerable number of collector's items. We remember the old taunt that the Frenchman fought for his country, the Englishman fought for glory, and the American fought for souvenirs. The finest War collection in existence is that gathered together by President Hoover and now in the possession of Leland Stanford University. Other enthusiasts, without his money or resources, have focused their attention on acquiring some one item connected with the great conflict — books, enlistment posters, uniforms, propaganda material, arms, and medals commemorating War events, one of the most prized of the latter being the *Lusitania* medal, which, German apologists to the contrary, was actually issued.

On the death of any very great man who has contributed to the literature or history of the country, those who have specialized in acquiring his autographs, his books, or documents relating to him have difficulty in suppressing their inhuman delight. For now, with the supply of items stopped at its source, those already collected increase in value. The recent death of Edison will undoubtedly stimulate the collection of Edisoniana — unless Mr. Ford has already cornered everything cornerable; when one remembers that he removed from Menlo park and shipped to Michigan even the actual dirt for two feet down on which the great inventor's laboratory and other early buildings had stood, it seems probable that not much is left for the Edison Pioneers and others who cherish his memory. So many people are collecting the signatures and letters of the Presidents that these are always in demand, though greatly varying in commercial rating. Some of the most expensive of the letters of recent Presidents are those written by Harding. After his death Mrs. Harding, fearful of further revelations and exposure, is said to have gathered together and destroyed all of his correspondence that she could get her hands on. This act of a harried and agonized woman created a bull market in Warren Gamaliel items.

Partly because writing her name is painful to her radium-burnt hands, and partly because she sees no sense in it anyhow, Madame Curie has an almost inflexible rule against giving her autograph. Therefore when she makes her visits to this country, a special guard has to be appointed to stay near her day and night and protect her from collectors. This is a job comparable to that of Horatius at the bridge. I know, because on the occasion of her most recent trip, I was the guard. I shall go to my grave with the curses and maledictions of those I turned away ringing in my ears, especially the piteous cries of the man who showed me photographs of his chubby-cheeked babies and explained that the only reason he was collecting autographs was for their sakes. It was his only way of providing for their future!

This commercialization of collecting seems to be more prevalent than formerly, and is bemoaned by those who have the "true collector's spirit." They point with

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horror to the shops in midtown New York which deal in autographs as if they were so much soap or tar, and when they see a dealer's catalogue, quoting the price that some beloved object has brought at auction after its owner has died, they shudder as did Henry Ward Beecher when he contemplated the slave block.

When it sees a chance to make money out of the collector's tender passion, our Government, however, has no such delicacy of feeling. Washington realized five or six years ago that there was gold in those stamp enthusiasts, and started a Government philatelic agency to issue lists of new stamps and help collectors get well centred specimens. This bureau started with one clerk; today it has a dozen or more. Some of their most profitable business is in air mail stamps, which have a high face value but, sold to collectors, demand no service; stamp collectors have made the air mail financially possible.

Banks and other big business institutions have also found it profitable to encourage stamp collecting among their employes. They have discovered that it heightens the powers of observation and encourages neatness and a love of system. A man who has become a stamp enthusiast is less likely to let counterfeit money get by him.

Such practical considerations, though, mean nothing to those who collect for the love of the game. A friend who devotes most of her waking hours to acquiring early American book marks, Civil War envelopes, trade cards, old business calendars, valentines, orders of merit, lottery tickets and twenty or more other items, many of which have almost no commercial value, explained her viewpoint: "The joy of collecting," she said with eyes aglow, "is in the chase. Not what you can sell an item for, but what it is worth to you — that is its value. Now H — lets an agent buy for him. He has not" — her tone implied moral obliquity — "the soul of a collector."

The soul of a collector — what is it? What is the subconscious incentive which drives men and women on in a mad race to acquire? Sometimes the answer is obvious. The man who buys first editions for their future value is simply investing. The cattle baron who sends an agent to Europe to outbid his rivals for a package of yellowed love letters whose writers have made literature is usually actuated by another motive: he has made his successful investments in less glamorous commodities and now feels the need of wrapping around himself the cloak of cultural interests. So he becomes a patron of the arts.

The prominent lawyer who keeps important clients waiting in his outer office while he sorts and studies his stamps (an authentic case) probably does so for still a different reason: he is shifting mental gears. To clear his mind of one complex problem before he tackles another, he gives it a twenty-minute interlude of relaxation and escape.

But what of the man who subordinates everything else to his acquisitive passion? What are *his* subconscious urges? As usual, our wise men, the psychiatrists, have given us the answer; I pass it on with profound apologies to all my collecting friends, but with an equally

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profound conviction that the psychiatrists are right. Stekel, the Austrian neurologist, quotes from the poet-philosopher Kierkegard a passage describing the writer's acquisition of a writing table:

Some seven years ago I caught sight of a writing table at a second-hand dealer's, which immediately took my fancy. It was not in the modern style and rather the worse for wear, but it interested me. It is impossible to describe the emotion I passed through, but I suppose most people have had similar experiences. My daily routine led me past the writing table at the dealer's, and I never failed to look at it lovingly in passing. In due course this interest in the writing table became an event in my life; it became a necessity of my existence to see it, and I would even make a detour on its account. The more often I saw it, the stronger grew my desire to possess it. I knew well enough that this was an extravagant wish, as I had no use for it, and had to confess that it would be sheer waste of money to purchase it. But it is notorious that a craving will find itself some excuse. One day I stepped into the dealer's, and after asking about various other things, I was on the point of going when I casually made a very low offer for the writing table. I thought it possible that the dealer might close with the offer and then it would have been through a lucky chance that the desk became mine. It was certainly not a question of money that suggested this point of view, but the desire to ease my conscience.

But the attempt failed; the dealer was unusually determined. For a while I continued to pass by daily and to cast enamoured glances at the writing table. I must decide one way or the other, I thought to myself, for, once the writing table is gone, it will be too late. And even if I were to succeed in tracing it again, I should no longer get the same satisfaction out of it. My heart thumped as I entered the shop again, and bought and paid for the table. This shall be the last time I will be guilty of such extravagance, I thought; it is really lucky that I have bought it, for now every time I look at it, it will remind me of my extravagance. This writing table shall start a new era in my life. Depraved desire is so plausible, and the way to hell is paved with good resolutions. The writing table was placed in my room, and, as in the first days of my passion I found my joy in regarding it from the street, I now paced up and down before it at home. By and by I got to know its interior, the countless drawers, pigeonholes, and shelves, and was in every way delighted with my writing table.

Every genuine collector will recognize the emotions described above. He will also realize, if honest with himself, that they are the emotions of a Don Juan. As Stekel points out, the genuine collector is really gathering together a harem; a harem of fantasy in which each new object, as it is added, is the symbol of a new conquest. The real collector falls in love with every acquisition, sees it through a rosy veil of illusion, overestimates its value and rejoices that it is rarer or more beautiful than some similar item in the collection of another.

To a man with the soul of a collector, nothing else in his life is equal in importance. One of the biggest stamp collectors in the United States, who died recently, sold his business holdings, worth several millions, because he was faced with the choice of selling his stamps to save the business, or selling the business to save his stamps. Of the two interests, he chose the one which brought him the greatest happiness.

Proving, perhaps, that Don Juans may also be philosophers.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE most mountainous of peaks upon the landscape at the moment this is written is the long-awaited report by O. H. Cheney, a banker, upon the present state of book publishing in the United States. Many things are wrong with this important industry, says Mr. Cheney, suggesting almost a round hundred remedies for the evils that beset the production of reading matter. There is not space here to take up the details of the criticism or the cure; this department has not been altogether free in the past from suggestions that all is not well with book publishing, although it has not had so many remedies to offer as Mr. Cheney. This may be explained at least partly by the fact that the Landscaper has, under one of his various disguises, to grapple daily with the problems of publishing, and is therefore slower to tell people how the business should be run than a banker whose imagination and ingenuity are not hampered by experience.

It is upon the broader phases of publishing that Mr. Cheney seems to the Landscaper to go farthest astray, for the reason that he is dealing in intangible elements. Much of what he has to say concerning the parlous state of the retail book trade in this country is not only true, but of vital interest to the public which must depend upon this same retail trade to supply it with books. A soundly and intelligently run bookstore is a community asset of the first importance, and one for which no department store department can be a substitute. How many American communities have such bookshops? The statistics would shock the thoughtful. Mr. Cheney's suggestion that the publishers may in the long run have to look after the retail marketing of their products is in line with the thought of other intelligent observers; perhaps in the long run the chain book store will solve the problem of distribution. Perhaps, too, if the depression continues long enough a good many other perfectly obvious evils in the American publishing situation will be cured; perhaps, indeed, we may lose enough of our "rugged individualism" to coöperate along sensible lines, which would mean mainly along lines of better business organization. Certain European countries might furnish the examples.

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The Problem of Selection

MR. CHENEY thinks a great improvement would become evident immediately if publishers were only more careful in the choice of manuscripts to be made into books, and hints that many times publication occurs for reasons that have little or nothing to do with the intrinsic merit of the piece of writing under consideration. There is, to be sure, an element of truth in this accusation, publishing being at best no more than a human institution, but the flaw in the reasoning is simply this: Good and worth while books that are chosen with care and prayer often fall flat, while manuscripts that are published for no very good reason find a warm reception. Much of the junk that clutters up publishers' lists and which would seem to the casual observer as wholly unworthy of preservation in book form finds popular favor, and helps the publisher, if he be a publisher with a conscience — some have and some have not — to take chances on books that seem to be worth doing for the good of the race, but which find no more than a handful of people to buy them. There is the suggestion, too, in this interesting report that if publishers kept more careful records, they would be in better position to judge prospective additions to their lists. It is this type of reasoning that makes a report on publishing by a banker just silly in spots; who can apply a formula to public taste with any degree of success, or who, having such a formula, can find a book to fit it? It is in the very nature of the product that publishing varies from other businesses, and every attempt to apply rules that have been worked out from success in selling cigarettes, cold cream, Latin-American bonds, toothpaste, or motor cars to publishing has in it a large element of the ridiculous. It is obviously true that publishers bring out too much second rate stuff, but there is not enough first rate stuff to go around, and publishers must publish . . .

Are We Book-Readers?

THE Landscaper wishes there were more time and space to devote to Mr. Cheney's report, which, incidentally, was published in a very limited edition and supposed to be more or less the property of the industry that financed the study, but which seems to have found its way into the newspapers without much difficulty. Perhaps the question may be asked as to the public's interest in such a document: The Landscaper's answer would be that every intelligent person has a direct stake in the publishing industry, which, in a Utopian country would be among the most important of educational and cultural, as well as recreational, influences. It may be a natural enough prejudice on the part of this observer, but he has the feeling that a strong, well-organized and flourishing publishing industry, with an abundance of successful retail outlets, could do a lot for these United States. And this remark, coming from one who grows more and more profoundly distrustful of the beneficial influence of education of any sort yet discovered, means something. It needs to be said again that the fundamental difficulty in publishing and book selling in this country is that

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Americans are not a book-reading people; most Americans read only when there is nothing else to do, and then newspapers and magazines usually furnish the necessary time-killing ammunition. Mr. Cheney says our boys and girls learn to hate books in school and never get over it, and this may be a good place to drop the discussion, as it might lead on to some remarks about our educational system. And how could any one quarrel with a system in which so many teachers are working without pay? As in Chicago, for example, where preparations go gaily on for an exposition in 1933 to be called "A Century of Progress." One hopes that the payless teachers will be given passes, if they have not starved to death before the gates open.

Publishing Goes On

With or without the assistance of Mr. Cheney, however, publishers continue to bring out books, and some of them find people willing to dig up the sums necessary to buy them. William McFee's new novel, *The Harbourmaster* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), started with the assistance of one of the book clubs, is finding much popular favor. It is a romantic story, with an exotic heroine, not especially hampered by the old-fashioned device used for its telling — first-person narration — and well filled with Mr. McFee's own comments upon the greatest possible variety of topics. There are times when Mr. McFee seems to be little else except an audible prejudice — he is the most prolific literary page letter writer in New York — but he has opinions about everything and most of them are entertaining. Conradian influence or no, he understands the technique of fiction, and while he has never touched the heights, not even in *Casuals of the Sea*, he is wholly reliable, a good and honest workman. Most fiction readers will enjoy *The Harbourmaster*. Somewhat the same thing might be written of another recent book club choice, Francis Brett Young's *The Penningtons* (Harper, $2.50), a long book of a good and comfortable mediocrity that should be acceptable reading to almost any one, a book with some of the "homely" quality of a good deal of recent English fiction. Mr. Young wrote some unusually good novels a few years ago, *Woodsmoke* among the best of the lot, but he now seems to have struck a steady stride in the production of good but uninspired and uninspiring stuff. The book clubs could hardly have hit upon two safer choices than *The Harbourmaster* and *The Penningtons*.

Mr. Herrick on Sex

One of the recent American novels that leaped at once to the best-seller lists is Robert Herrick's *The End of Desire* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), the first book by this distinguished novelist for several years. It is concerned with the amorous adventures of an elderly pair who attempt to put into practice some of the teachings of the newer school of psychologists and who do not find the happiness so freely promised. It is definitely a thesis-novel; Mr. Herrick is burning with indignation against the modern theorizing about sex, and the passion with which the book is written makes it assume an importance beyond its

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value as literature. It is, aside from the point of view so vigorously expressed, no more than a competent novel, but old-fashioned Americans who have not been won over to the New Morals will find it excellent reading. The Landscaper takes no sides in the fight, believing that there is a good deal to be said for both, but it is a pleasure to have some one as sure of himself as Mr. Herrick take up the cudgels. He finds ample expression for irony in the change of rôles that has occurred in the sex-drama, with Woman now playing the lead. Another of the current native offerings that may be recommended is Maristan Chapman's *The Weather Tree* (Viking, $2.50), which is a story of Glen Hazard, the mountain community already familiar to readers of *The Happy Mountain*, etc. Since the publication of a very fine biography of the Duc de Morny under the name of Maristan Chapman, it has developed that this is at least in part a pseudonym, being composed of Mary and Stanton, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. *The Weather Tree* is about a stupid young city man who turned up in Glen Hazard with ideas of modernizing the town. He falls in love with a mountain girl, and brings down the wrath of the whole section upon him for an attack upon an old tree. For once, however, the forces of Progress lose a skirmish, and he is at last forced to leave without having destroyed the charm of a backwater of civilization. There are very obvious faults in this novel, but these are pretty well covered up by the poetic beauty of the writing, the Chapmans again making use of Biblical cadences and Elizabethan turns of speech to give their prose fresh appeal. The Landscaper finds it very hard to believe in these extremely poetical mountaineers, but accepts them with pleasure; they have their own reality. One listens for the animals in the story to break into conversation, but they are silent; it is only the people who talk as one never has the good fortune to hear people talk.

A Novel About Negroes

JESSIE FAUSET, one of the most talented of the younger Negro authors, whose fiction has been worth watching since her first novel, *There Is Confusion*, shows a considerable advance in skill in her latest, *The Chinaberry Tree* (Stokes, $2.50). This is the story of an average Negro family in comfortable circumstances, a cross-section of life among rather well-to-do Afroamericans, whose entire existences are not conditioned by the color of the skins. As in Miss Fauset's other novels, the book suffers a little from the author's desire to make her characters a little too correct in speech and deportment, but she has done living people, and has thrown light upon a segment of contemporary life about which we all know too little. One of her characters has been the mistress of a young white man; the two loved each other, which was more often the case in these mesalliances than is admitted freely by Southerners. Miss Fauset is forging ahead steadily and will do other good and worth while books. The swiftly changing status of her race, its rapid urbanization and spread over the country, will soon make her type of stories more genuinely typical of her people than the conventional plantation novels.

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Good English Novels

FROM England come other novels that are worth looking into, notably *Life and Andrew Otway* by Neil Bell (Putnam, $2.50), whose *Precious Porcelain* was commented upon favorably here not many months ago. Mr. Bell's new book, which has been taken by one of the clubs, is sure to call to mind H. G. Wells's *Tono-Bungay*, so sure, in fact, that Mr. Bell has supplied his book with a short note of explanation. The parallel between the two novels is truly remarkable, but one need have no suspicion of plagiarism. As in the case of *Tono-Bungay*, Mr. Bell has related the life story of a man who attained power and wealth, and who finished a failure, and has done a behind-the-scenes picture of this sort of human being that is not at all inferior to Mr. Wells's own study. *Life and Andrew Otway* is a long, rich book, filled with varying human emotions, well-written, and showing that Mr. Bell is handsomely endowed with the creative gift, which one might have suspected from reading his earlier novel. Sylvia Thompson's *Summer's Night* (Little, Brown, $2.50) will not disappoint those of her followers who have learned to expect intelligent work from her; it is the story of the marriage of a young Englishman of the old aristocracy to the Jewish daughter of the new, and a picture, in small, of an old and a new England, done with a great deal of insight, and an admirable fairness to both sides. This novel goes well toward the top of the recommended list; it has real stuff in it, and is delightfully written. *A Strong Man Needed*, by Maurice Richardson (Liveright, $2.50) introduces a new talent to this country in the field of broad satire; it is primarily concerned with the adventures of a female prize fighter from Australia, and spoofs everything in sight. It is done with no particular reserve or finesse, but it is amusing. A *Richard Hughes Omnibus* (Harper, $3), containing sixteen stories, thirty-one poems, and three plays, ought to be of interest to every one who has read and liked *The Innocent Voyage*, either under this title, or as *High Wind in Jamaica*. The Hughes novel will be out before long in the Modern Library, with an introduction by Isabel Paterson.

Samples from Europe

THE most interesting European importation the Landscaper has seen recently is *The European Caravan*, published by Brewer, Warren and Putnam under the editorship of Samuel Putnam. This well chosen anthology of the work of contemporary European writers contains several valuable essays in addition to numerous excerpts. France, Italy, Spain, England, and Ireland are represented in the present volume, which is numbered Part 1; there are introductions to the various sections by André Berge, Massimo Bontempelli, Jean Cassou, and E. Giminez-Caballero, the last mentioned gentleman being one of the founders of *La Gaceta Literaria* in Madrid, and by the same token, one of the leaders of the *Vanguardistas* in Spain. Mr. Putnam's selections are well made and the book should serve as an excellent sampler for people who wish to know something, but not too

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much, about what is going on in contemporary European literature. There is, too, a new volume of short stories by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton, $2.50), called *Horse in the Moon* that will well repay reading. Pirandello is a remarkably clever short story writer, easier to read and to understand in this form than in the novel or the drama.

Mr. Ford Remembers

THE Landscaper's choice of recent books of memoirs is Ford Madox Ford's *Return to Yesterday* (Liveright, $4), a fascinating account of the long and unceasingly interesting career of Mr. Hueffer-Ford, with an endless number of stories about the people he has met, including Henry James, Stephen Crane, Galsworthy, Conrad, and dozens of others. Mr. Ford always writes engagingly — there are few people living who understand the technique of writing half so well as he does, and he has forgotten more about writing novels than most of our contemporaries will ever know — and he has done an excellent job in this new book, which is long, and full of meat. Incidentally, one of Mr. Ford's recent enthusiasms on this side the Atlantic is Caroline Gordon's splendid novel of the South, *Penhally*, about which the Landscaper has already expressed a highly favorable opinion. Looking back upon 1931's fictional output, *Penhally* looms as one of the best of the year's American novels; it will amply repay reading and if Miss Gordon can hold the stiff pace she has set for herself, she will lose no time in winning a place in the top flight of fiction writers.

Clarence Darrow's *The Story of My Life* (Scribner, $3.50) is as fine an autobiography and chapter of American history as one may hope to discover for a good many years to come. The main outlines of Darrow's career are known to every one; he has been a fighter in many good causes, and remains one of the last of American liberals, an inspiring figure in an all too tame and standardized world. Robert Irving Warshow has done a simple and easy-to-read life of Hamilton under the title *Alexander Hamilton: First American Business Man* (Greenberg, $3.50), emphasizing the pioneering activities of Hamilton in the field of finance and industry. Mr. Warshow regards Hamilton as more or less the founder of American capitalism as we know it. His is a life that is bound to have interest, no matter from what angle it is studied.

More About Washington

NATURALLY there are lives of Washington about, the most pretentious of the lot being *George Washington* by Louis M. Sears (Crowell, $5), a long, well illustrated and fully documented study of the Father of His Country by a professor whose style is somewhat uninviting, a pedestrian book, but with plenty of research to give it value, and an honest attempt at a fair valuation of Washington. *More Precious Than Fine Gold: Washington*, by George Ernest Merriam (Putnam), contains some 1,500 quotations giving the opinions of four hundred people about Washington, many of them contemporary, many others of our own time. There are sixteen reproductions of portraits.

A good biography of a little-known

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American who played a highly important part in the War between the States is *Robert Barnwell Rhett: Father of Secession*, by Laura A. White, a publication of the American Historical Association brought out by the Century Company at $5. Rhett was a Southern firebrand whose career was full of storm and tempest, and less is known of him than of other figures of the period who were really not nearly so influential upon the course of events as he was. Dr. White, who is professor of history in the University of Wyoming, has done a straightforward account of his dramatic career in his native South Carolina and in the Senate of the United States.

A Life of Citizen Rousseau

FARTHER afield, Matthew Josephson's carefully done and admirably written *Jean Jacques Rousseau* (Harcourt, Brace, $5) offers interest for all who admire good biography; Mr. Josephson established himself with his successful study of Zola a year or so ago, and his portrait of Rousseau is done with intelligence and understanding. Frederick Chamberlin's *Private Character of Henry VIII* (Washburn, $3.50) is a biography in praise of a Tudor monarch who, Mr. Chamberlin feels, has had much less than his due from most historians. The famous ulcer was the starting point of this book; Mr. Chamberlin does not believe it was caused by syphilis at all, thus kicking the foundation from under many theories. It is a book with a fresh point of view, thoroughly documented, and worth reading, no matter what the present state of one's prejudices concerning King Hal. Raymond Recouly, whose *Foch: My Conversations with the Marshal* was one of the best of the many books about Foch, is the author of *Joffre* (Appleton, $3), a friendly study of a general who was first given all glory and then had it all taken away from him. M. Recouly is after striking a balance, and this he seems to have done.

The Harding "Comedy"

THERE is only one reason for mentioning here another biography of Harding, which is called *Warren Gamaliel Harding: An American Comedy*, and which is by Clement Wood, a writer of undoubted talent who is rapidly becoming a hack of the worst sort. Faro, about whose publishing activities there has been some comment here before, has brought out the book about Harding which is as bad as might be expected, a mere rehash of the other lives of this worthy, the worst President this country has ever had. The reason is Mr. Wood's Appendix, which has to do with the association of Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, author of *The Strange Death of President Harding*, with the Bernarr Macfadden contingent. Not so long ago, in Mr. Macfadden's magazine, *Liberty*, Mrs. Thacker repudiated the Harding book, saying that she had been taken in by Means; Mr. Wood gives evidence to show that both *The Strange Death of President Harding* and *The President's Daughter* were brought out under the auspices of associates of Macfadden, thus making it possible for Mrs. Thacker to play both ends against the middle in a truly amazing fashion. Wood wrote a life of Macfadden about two years

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ago, and had the opportunity of knowing something of the inside story. It would be a pity if this matter rested as it now is; some one should make a thorough investigation of the whole business, that is, some one with a strong stomach. Macfadden and Macfadden methods are among the signs of the times that refuse to be ignored; they have yet to be estimated at their proper value as danger signals. There is one other feature of Mr. Wood's book that is interesting, a parody of *Frankie and Johnny* called *Warren and Nannie*. The incredible vulgarity of everything connected with Harding and his administration is what is so shocking, and even more shocking is the recollection that the present President of the United States pronounced a eulogy over the magnificent mausoleum of Harding only a few short months ago. Perhaps it is worse to try to preserve the myth about such a man than it was to elect him in the first place. And as a footnote to the part Mrs. Thacker played in the Harding "comedy," it is interesting to note that her brother, Thomas Dixon, Jr., is the co-author of a Harry M. Daugherty book, which attempts to whitewash Harding and his memory. Couldn't Mr. Daugherty have let us forget him when we have so many other disagreeable things to think about?

Japan and Manchuria

A PECULIARLY timely volume is Harold J. Moulton's *Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal*, written in collaboration with Junicho Ko, and published by the Institute of Economics of Brookings Institute. Mr. Moulton's pages contain the real reason for Japan's venture into Manchuria, and the answer to the fact that the Japanese have paid not the slightest attention to any of the protests made against their invasion, not even the extraordinary notes from our own State Department. Mr. Moulton contends that Japan's sudden conversion from a medieval nation into a modern one, with high living standards, is the most remarkable social feat of our time; he points out that the islands that make up Japan can not supply the necessaries of life to a population that is still increasing at a rapid pace, and that Japan has no choice, therefore, except to expand. A nation with such pressure of population and a first-class army usually expands, no matter how many Leagues of Nations raise their voices in pleading and protest, or how many editorial writers declare it is shameful for the poor Chinese to be treated the way they are being treated. Mr. Moulton's book is filled with information, contains many maps and charts and tables of statistics, and sells for $4. Read it, and see if you think the Japanese will ever leave Manchuria — they will when the French leave North Africa. . . . Another book on a narrower phase of this problem, narrower, but still the most important, is *The Japanese Population Problem: The Coming Crisis*, by W. R. Crocker (Macmillan, $4), which gives the same answer to the Manchurian question as Mr. Moulton's volume.

Ding Looks at Russia

THE first book of the new year on Russia to come this way is *Ding Goes to Russia* (Whittlesey

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House: McGraw-Hill, $2.50), made up of the articles and drawings of Jay N. Darling which appeared last year in the New York *Herald Tribune*. This is a good book on Russia, quite sane and shrewd, and the drawings are not only amusing, but interpretative. Ding carried a canny Middle Westerner's eyes with him to the Soviets, and he was much more interested than alarmed by what he saw there. The measure of his intelligence may be found in such passages as his comment upon the recent destruction of the largest church in Moscow to make way for a new Soviet Government centre. To most people this was an act of blasphemy and desecration. Ding merely says the cathedral was very indifferent as architecture and made for traffic jams. He found it possible to go to church every Sunday while he was in Russia and did not discover the country to be so entirely godless as it has been represented. *Conscription of a People* by the Duchess of Atholl, M.P. (Columbia University Press), is another kind of book about Russia, the Duchess being very much alarmed over such matters as forced labor and other not entirely pleasant practices of the Soviet rulers. She "views with alarm" with a vengeance, but it is hard to see what can be done about it. Perhaps forced labor is better than none at all, or better, even, than that noble English experiment, the dole. For people who like to know how bad things are, though, the Duchess's book may be recommended, and with it, take H. Hessell Tiltman's *The Terror in Europe* (Stokes, $3.50), a study of political conditions in Russia, Italy, Poland, and other countries. This book shows to what extremes the "Ins" will go to defeat the "Outs"; abroad they are even worse than the American Republicans and Democrats, or the Drys and Wets. Also interesting to students of international affairs is *The Unseen Assassins* by Norman Angell (Harper, $3), in which Mr. Angell points out the people really responsible for wars, and explains how the common people who fight the wars can check these evil activities. And so the common people could, if they had the required intelligence and the energy, and were not so busy trying to make a living. Granting, of course, that they really wanted peace, which remains one of the most debatable of all the questions that perplex the human race. The pacifists calmly assume that nobody really wants war, except perhaps a few Machiavellian statesmen and professional soldiers; that every one else is tricked into fighting. Is this true?

Mr. Dreiser's Latest

THE most uncomfortable book before the Landscaper is a long indictment of the American industrial system by Theodore Dreiser called *Tragic America* (Liveright, $2), a tome of 426 pages in length, into which Mr. Dreiser has crammed all he could find out about capitalism and its workings in the United States. There have been times when this reader suffered principally, in reading a book by Dreiser, from the style, but in this instance, the style isn't of much moment. It is the matter that counts. It is to be hoped that all the hundred-per-centers who consider America the most enlightened and most progressive nation in the

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world will at least leaf through Mr. Dreiser's book. Perhaps they will be convinced that we are no better than anybody else, and in many instances, not as good. We have less excuse for being as we are, however, than the poor benighted nations who do not know the blessings of democracy. Dreiser has very evidently turned propagandist for the cause of the downtrodden, and he will prove a powerful one, no matter how often his opponents have him arrested on trumped up charges. His publishers are to be congratulated in this instance for keeping the price of a very fat book down so low.

Man's Upward Climb

On the more miscellaneous shelf, there is no better book just now than Gerald Heard's *The Emergence of Man* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), which is a remarkably well written account of man's upward climb to his present state. Mr. Heard writes with a kind of poet's grasp of the problem, although his prose is simple enough; he has done a stirring account of the greatest drama of all which should appeal to every intelligent reader. Another excellent book of popular science is *The Story of Living Things, a Short Account of the Evolution of the Biological Sciences*, by Charles Singer (Harper, $5), with many illustrations. And for those who enjoy getting away from the commonplace, *Told at the Explorers' Club: True Tales of Modern Exploration* (Albert and Charles Boni, $3.50), which contains stories by Roy Chapman Andrews, Carveth Wells, Robert Bartlett, Dillon Wallace and many others. *Congorilla* by Martin Johnson (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $3.50) is a readable book about gorillas and other wild animals in Africa, and is also adorned with many photographs of Mrs. Johnson, known to the public as "Osa." Mr. Johnson did not find gorillas particularly savage, and was sorry he captured a pair, and also sorry that he snatched other happy monkeys from their native forests. Maybe this will be a lesson to him; one wishes it would be a lesson to other explorers as well.

Dr. Olga Knopf has written an unusually sane book in *The Art of Being a Woman* (Little, Brown, $3), which will tell women a good deal about themselves, and may even help to enlighten a few males upon certain highly important questions. And if you have not yet read Will Cuppy's *How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes*, the Landscaper's final word for this time is not to miss the most important book of American humor of the past decade . . .

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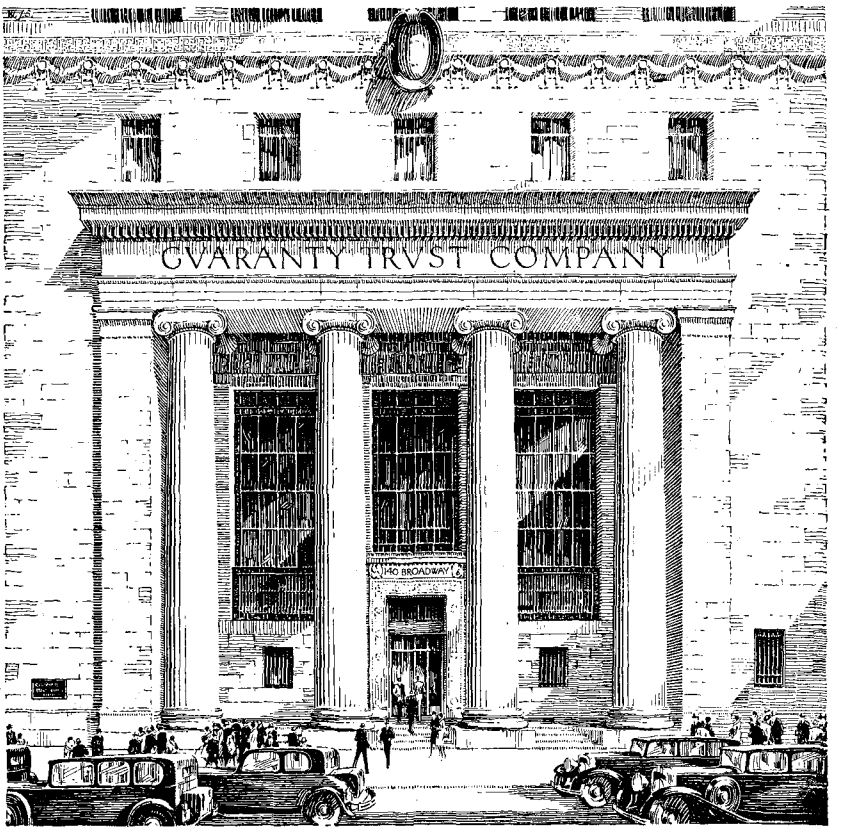

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

At the moment, the U.S.S.R. spreads herself generously over one-sixth of the terrestrial surface of the globe and beckons glamorously to travelers, far-flung frontiers and difficult visas to the contrary notwithstanding. So intriguingly conflicting are the sparse reports brought back by travelers from this land of the Five-Year Plan, so keenly does the controversy rage, that those who would form their own opinions of what is going into the making of the U.S.S.R. pack up their bags with more canned goods and soap than clothes, and depart to see what it is all about on their own. Sometimes they arrange to travel with groups of people who are keen to see the Soviet functioning, in which case tours are planned and carried out in conjunction with Intourist, Incorporated, the travel agency of the Soviet government, the Open Road or Amalgamated Bank which maintain offices in New York. Occasionally they travel alone — as, when, and where they will, as did the cartoonist, Ding (Jay N. Darling), who writes reassuringly in the preface of his book *Ding Goes to Russia:* "My travels in Russia were attended with none of the oft-quoted interferences on the part of the Soviet government. Once assured that I was not a destructive agent, my days and my travels were absolutely free from any sign of guidance except that of my own hired non-communist interpreter. We went wherever we chose."

Where to Go in the U.S.S.R.

But when you have once made up your mind to see Russia in the making — to see her while the great Dnieperstroi Dam is still a mass of derricks and diagonals drawn by ever swinging restless cranes, while her vast state farms are coming into line under the steady plowing of her own shining steel tractors, while her women are learning what it means to master machines, her erstwhile serfs to spell, and this agricultural nation is being transformed into an industrial power — you will find that you have another and even more difficult question to decide. Which part of the U.S.S.R. shall it be? The Caucasus, the Crimea, along the Volga from Novgorod to Stalingrad? Or will you follow the golden road to Samarkand, to the fabled cities of ancient Turkestan and Central Asia, over the well-traveled caravan route traversed by Marco Polo to the court of the Great Khan in Far Cathay?

To the Fabled Cities of Ancient Turkestan

To reach Turkestan and Central Asia, you may have a glimpse of the Crimea and the Caucasus if you plan to sail from Istanbul (Constantinople), edging round the north shore of the Black Sea and setting foot in Odessa, Sevastopol, Yalat, a health resort for the Soviet workers which once served as a winter playground for royalty, Novorossysk, the most important harbor and centre of the grain trade in the Caucasus; Batum, Tiflis, Baku, more familiarly known as the City of Black Gold because of its great oil wells, then across the Caspian Sea in eighteen hours, and behold you are in Turkestan. Traveling in this part of the world is most successfully accomplished under the guidance of the Intourist agency, in which case you may travel in a special train made up of compartment cars which will serve as your hotel during the trip. You journey through the land of the Teko Turkomans where the men still wear imposing sheepskin hats and women patiently and ingeniously as ever weave their deep dyed wools into Bukhara rugs, where ruined cities re-tell forgotten tales of splendor, and Samarkand, that dream-city of Tamerlane's, still crouches behind its walls in the shadow of its ancient towers and minarets. Who would not be willing to part with some of the amenities of travel for a glimpse of the

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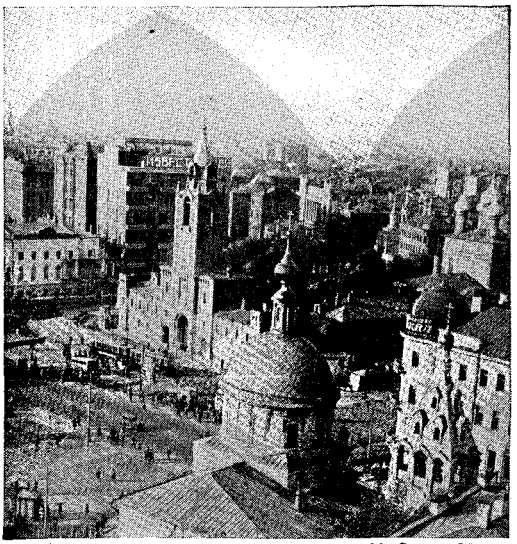
sights, for a whiff of the smells, and sounds of mid-Asia? When you reach Tashkent, the largest city in Central Asia, you might seek further adventure by flying to Moscow, for direct airplane service is maintained between the two cities, but if not, you will swing on round the arc of a circle across Turkestan to Novo Sibrisk and connecting there with the Trans-Siberian Railway, continue on to Moscow.

Moscow's 170 Museums

Moscow is being torn down and rebuilt almost as rapidly as New York but that it is a city that looks well to the preservation of some of its portable antiquities might be surmised from the fact that it has no less than one hundred and seventy museums. Some of these museums house relics of Russia's thousand years of history, but the Museum of the Revolution is modern to a degree and presents the history of the revolutionary struggle in Russia from the Eighteenth Century. Close on its heels come those of a more political aspect — the Lenin, Marx and Engels, and the Red Army and Navy Museums. But few visitors spend their time in museums in Russia, be they ever so novel. They have come to see what the U.S.S.R. is all about. To see the men, the women, the children in their new stride. To see what is being accomplished by the Gosizdat, the leading publishing house in the Soviet Union, the largest in the world. To glimpse the "dark people" of Russia, and see what is happening to them — those peasants who under the régime of the Czar never saw the inside of a book, who were totally illiterate, and who now have special pamphlets published for their particular benefit running into a circulation of five hundred thousand. To ponder why that same publishing house is bringing out large, cheap editions of our own authors — translations of Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, Jack London. These things we would learn and think on.

Dallying Along the Volga

Another way to see Russia is to indulge in one of Catherine the Great's favorite pastimes — to travel the Volga River. Whether you are poled up the Yangtze in a



Pushkin Square, Moscow

History in the Making Before Your Eyes

Surely it is more interesting to see and learn than merely to hear about the dynamic events taking place in the most discussed country in the world — The Soviet Union. Then you may form your own opinions as well as enter new, stirring experiences in travel. Go where you please, — see what you please.

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TRAVEL IN SOVIET RUSSIA

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junk, get stuck innumerable times on sand bars in the Mississippi on a steam packet, or travel via the Felix Dzerjinsky pleasure boat on the Volga, you will agree that seeing the world from the deck of a placid river boat is an ideal way to come close to the everyday life of a people and enjoy a stretch of quiet travel yourself. It is neighborly, this calling at first one city and then another in an informal sort of way, and you forget all about the nerve-racking adventures that not infrequently accompany the catching and missing of trains.

Nishni-Novgorod is generally the starting place for a trip down the Volga, a city of importance industrially, with its suburb of Sormovo, where thirty thousand workers pound out an existence in machine and ship-building works, and in its giant factory which is to be equipped for the production of Ford cars. Life on the Volga swirls, floats, and puffs its way past your steamer, and as you pass from one town to the next, zigzagging back and forth across the river, you find you are hobnobbing with any number of curious races. There are the Cheremis (the Volga Finns), the Chuvash with their marvelously gay national costumes; then at Kazan, with its Kremlin and forest of minarets, you come upon a relic of Tartar civilization built in the Fifteenth Century — a city where Tartar newspapers are published, Tartar schools flourish, and you may attend with all its vivid portrayals a genuine Tartar theatre. At Ulyanovsk (formerly Simbirsk) is the house where Lenin was born in 1870, the school he attended, and a museum called after him. Legends echo round the hills of Zhiguli which rise in steep cliffs from the river's edge as you steam placidly along, and you will hear tales of the wild escapades of Stenka Razin and his intrepid buccaneers when you reach the ancient town of Samara. Before many days you have reached Stalingrad which, under the Five-Year Plan, has become one of the greatest centres of the metal industry in the Soviet Union, with tractor works to gladden the hearts of the rising generation. As a rule this finishes your river junket on the Volga, but no one should leave Russia without spending some time in Leningrad, if it can be managed, for Leningrad is the centre of the country's scientific life.

Germany's Great Man of Letters

"More light!" This was the cry which Goethe sent ringing down the past century, his last words to the world. It would seem that the world had harkened, since that twenty-second day of March just one hundred years ago this month, when Germany's great man of letters passed away, for the world has awakened to much that was then shrouded in the dusty cobwebs of mystery and superstition. Now Goethe would have revelled in all our modern discoveries and inventions, for he himself was an indefatigable experimenter and student. He carried on anatomical and botanical investigations, was deeply interested in electrical experiments and the problems of acoustics, built his own apparatus for making studies of color and for his meteorological researches, and had the keenest insight into geological problems. He was a universal thinker. His interest in the world about him was utterly alive, alert; it sparked his imagination at every point, and his energies in unravelling its secrets were untiring.

Goethe National Museum in Weimar

Nowhere can this aspect of universality which Goethe so strongly manifested be more gratifyingly studied than in the Goethe National Museum in Weimar. This consists of three buildings: the Goethe and Schiller Archives, the Goethe House, and the Annex. You may say that his manuscripts are most representative of the man — those housed so carefully in the Goethe and Schiller Archives, and perhaps you are right. You may prefer to wander through the rooms in the Goethe House, dignified, simple, and rich with ancient memories. But the mind of the master investigator at work, diligently searching after knowledge along diversified lines, is most readily traced in the small rooms up under the mansard roof of the Annex, an old house where his son once lived, where all his precious apparatus and the various articles he used in his experiments are to be found. It is no task at all to picture him at work here, searching, questioning, probing — seeking knowledge of everything, for all knowledge was his province and he

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wrote about everything from optics to the metamorphosis of plants. In this same building are the originals of the great majority of the authentic portraits of Goethe.

Goethe as a Collector

WITHOUT doubt, one of the most interesting aspects of this many-sided genius was that of the collector. Like Sir Walter Scott, the love of gathering together and protecting beautiful and interesting objects seemed almost innate, and Goethe was a tireless and discriminating collector. Rare prints were a great hobby with him and he collected thousands of copper engravings, drawings by the masters, as well as coins, medals, gems and majolica. Possibly his visit to Italy was responsible for much of his interest in these things, but whatever the urge, the choice collection of these precious and exquisite articles so carefully preserved in the Annex will be a particular source of satisfaction to those who visit the Goethe Museum, and serve as an index to Goethe's catholicity of taste. His natural history specimens in the same museum are also exceedingly interesting, as are the some two thousand drawings made by Goethe himself, which seem to complete this garden of intimate memories.

Indeed completeness is the word which best describes the Goethe National Museum. We have few such coherent and fully representative collections associated with great men. Dante, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, even Shakespeare, remain to us, aside from their works, mostly in fragments of their surroundings. But the Goethe Museum is unique in its completeness. It was made possible through the generosity of the last of his three grandchildren who, when he died, fulfilled the desire of his two brothers and his prince, by willing the entire inheritance from his famous grandfather to the world. Those things which in the course of time had been removed from the house in Weimar were returned, and today when you visit the rooms where Germany's greatest literary genius lived and worked, you will find everything from the goose-quill pen which he used there when writing to his faded green easy chair, just as he left them a century ago.

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Scandinavia for a Tour

NORWAY, Sweden and Denmark, or the Scandinavian countries as we call them, form a most interesting group for a tour. They are absolutely distinct as to government, language and character, yet if Denmark, which appears on the map as though she were just a piece of the Scandinavian peninsula slipped out of place, were to be fitted into the tip of the peninsula, they would all be one again, for they are all Nordic.

In and Out Norway's Fjords

PERHAPS you will plan your trip to Norway first because you want to make your way up to the North Cape by a certain date and keep your engagement with the Midnight Sun. After you have accomplished that, you will feel that you can dally a little if you choose among the lights and shadows of Norway's deep blue fjords. You can visit as many as you please, yet they will all be different, each having its own peculiar appeal. You may have thought of them as ragged little indentations or bays, but they are more often long sunny labyrinths, some of them extending for miles inland among the mountains down whose sides tumble frolicsome waterfalls, ranging in size from rushing cascades to frilly little wisps of water that trickle almost imperceptibly and dry up so quickly that the Norwegians call them "widows' tears." Oslo, made the capital by Harald the Hardruling in 1047, Bergen, for centuries a centre of trade, and Trondheim, believed to have been one of the earliest law-governed communities in Norway will each occupy a definite place on your itinerary, and will vie in your recollections with the rainbow colors forever hovering against glints of sparkling snow which you glimpsed from the tiny steamers that sail the satiny waters of Norway's fjords.

Through Sweden's Chateau Country

WHEN you arrive in Sweden you will find the province of Skåne in the southern agricultural part of the country, one of the most delightful and characteristically hospitable places in all the world for a visit. It is known as the Chateau country of Sweden, and along with its many castles and counts, which still retain their dignity and titles, it remains one of the few places undisturbed by democracy and socialism. Life within castle walls hung with ancient armor and stately portraits, apparently runs on smoothly and contentedly. Swedish hospitality, quite inseparable from the generous *smörgosbord*, with its dozens of kinds of fish, enhanced by enormous strawberries in dream, and enticing little Swedish cookies — as well as the hearty *skol* — is dispensed with a lavish hand. If you haven't been "skolled" before, you will certainly not escape initiation here, and when a gentleman raises his glass to you and you hear in deep tones, "*Din skol, min skol, alla vackra flickers skol,*" you will know you are being "skolled," and after you have been toasted thus a few times you will learn that it all means, "Health to you, health to me, health to all pretty girls," and you won't mind one bit.

Gay Denmark

DENMARK, too, is renowned for her hospitality. Every one who returns from Copenhagen will be certain to brag about his own favorite little restaurant, where either the butter, the fish, or the pastry is a bit better than anywhere else in the world, and you will agree with him when you get there, only you will have discovered your own particular pet café. From Odense, where Hans Christian Andersen was born and communed so freely with the fairies, to Copenhagen, the railroad runs through parts of that famous farmland of Fuen, and crossing the Great Belt in Sealand you will come upon more dairies, sleek Holstein cows, tidy farms and quaint farmhouses with storks standing long-legged near the chimneys where they build their nests.

If you would make the rounds of the Baltic Sea, take a peep at Finland and have a fling at Russia, you will find very agreeable connections available in Sweden where you may arrange this further trip quickly and without too much red tape. But wherever you travel in the Scandinavian countries, hospitality and honesty are two characteristics you will always associate with their people.

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America Discovers the Romance f Travel

As early as 1825, we had been discovered as "a nation of travelers." Sarah osepha Hale, who was to become the editor f Godey's Lady Book, spied us out when she rote a little essay on *The Romance of ravel*. Deeply impressed by the "men, omen and even children abroad to see the onders of the grand canal," she wrote, It seems as if circumstances had almost ievitably designed us as a nation of trav-iers. We should be acquainted with our own ountry and people. It is only by such means iat errors will be corrected, prejudice re-ioved, and that good feeling and liberality f sentiment cultivated which are indis-ensable to the perpetuity of the Union."

There is sound satisfaction in seeing and arning something about our own country nd our own people. After all, there are a emendous lot of us, and the surprising iing about us is that we are interesting — ighty interesting. The country, too, from ie Atlantic to the Pacific, from our un-rmed Canadian border to the Rio Grande a glorious land. You can see almost any ind of scenery you happen to long for, nd many kinds you will never see in any ther part of the world. Besides, we are dis-overing that we have a little background urselves. It does not all belong to the other ide of the world. Historically and ethnically, ur background needs just a little closer ecognition and keener appreciation to bring into sharper focus where we can value it ghtly.

American travel held a strong appeal even hen it was difficult, when railroads stopped hort of places people wanted to go and they nished the journey by stage; and when they ould make the return trip from New York o Niagara Falls by steamboat and steam ars in a week, with any luck, and the trains ounded away at the furious pace of twenty-ne miles an hour.

We Achieve the Transcontinental Habit

But we did not achieve the transcontinen-tal habit until 1869. It was then — on he tenth of May, when the last rail was laid, the last spike driven — that the Pacific Railroad, as it was then called, opened the way for Americans to begin shuttling back and forth across the country with that facility for which we have become so widely known and which we so generally appreciate. That we are still building railroads to aug-ment even our fine railroad systems, driving golden spikes in new rails with ceremony, and that the railroads are continually open-ing up new and intriguing travel territories to us, may be illustrated from the junction only last November of the Great Northern and Western Pacific railways at Biber, Califor-nia, uniting the Pacific Northwest and Cen-tral Western systems. This ended three hundred miles of railroad construction in-volving nearly fifteen million dollars.

From a Ham Sandwich to the First Diner

Sometimes it is not a bad idea to contrast the luxury and comfort of our modern railway systems — their speed and precision — with the early days of railroad travel in America. Ten or twelve years before the first transcontinental Iron Horse galloped across the country, you could not even get a drink of water on a train. It was in those days that variously shaped flasks, which lovers of the antique so assiduously

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collect today, bearing the legend "Luck to the Railroads" accompanied every experienced traveler. Ham sandwiches had just come into their own, and you could snatch one or two of these as your train halted at the stations. At first you simply knew you were at a station — perhaps travelers were so glad to reach one safely that the name of the place did not much matter, but after a while some one conceived the bright idea of having the names of the towns put up at the stations and municipal advertising got its first foot on the publicity ladder. People began to talk about where they had been, and we have been doing it ever since. The first diner did not make its appearance until 1868. We owe this innovation to a cabinet maker — George Mortimer Pullman — who turned his talents from furniture to railroad cars, but even then he made forty-seven of them before he thought of installing a small kitchen. But he finally did think of it, and we have been able to travel like Napoleon's armies "on our stomachs" ever since.

Out Into the Storied Northwest

PERHAPS no section of this country appeals to the imagination more keenly than the storied Northwest. Even with all the years we have known them, we still find Western movies flickering across the silver screen, and cowboy songs lilting over the radio. The freedom of the wide open spaces carries solace to many a city dweller even if it comes to him first at the movies. Before long, you will see this same man one of a group of eager travelers gazing from the platform of one of those transcontinental trains that speeds through mountain and plain. Perhaps he has selected the Northern Pacific. It goes through a magnificent country and follows a line that closely approximates the trail carved out by Merriweather Lewis and William Clark to the then unconquered Northwest. He can follow the questionings, the halts, the uncertainties, and then the final success of their quest, for this railroad goes through the pass in the Rockies pointed out to Lewis and Clark by the matchless intuition of the little Indian Bird Woman, Sacagawea, who through her uncanny ability to recognize landmarks on a trail over which she had traveled but once as a prisoner guided them through the pass to the coast. This is but one of the fascinating romances that travel with the railroads from east to west, and as each line has its own, there is nothing for it but to make a point of traveling on every one of them before we stop.

BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page VII*)

VARIED OTHERS

(*Continued*)

Land of Wonder and Fear. By *F. A. Mitchell-Hedges*. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.
Roaming Central America is the theme of this book which describes both the hardship of jungle living and the great thrill that comes from finding remote places of beauty and undiscovered ruins of Mayan settlements.

The History of Medicine. By *Victor Robinson*, M.D. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $5.00.
This detailed account of the development of medicine and surgery from ancient times to the present day makes an absorbing story.

Browning: Background and Conflict. By *F. R. Gl Duckworth*. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company $3.00.
A critical appraisal of Browning's literary reputation in England in the Eighteen-fifties, 'Nineties and the Nineteen-twenties, and the author's opinion regarding conflict in the poet's nature.

Whaling in the Antarctic. By *A. G. Bennett*. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00
The modernized form of a romantic old industry is described by one who lives in a South Atlantic island and has spent several years in whaling voyages.

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